

m R 1758 p 94

OLINDO

AND

SOPHRONIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

The Story taken from TASSO'S
Jerusalem Delivered B 2?

Publica materies privata juris erit, si

Non circa Vilem Patulumque moraberis Orbem:

*Hor. De Arte Poetica, 131.
If you would make a common Theme your own
Dwell not on Incidents already known.*

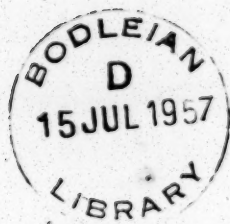
By ABRAHAM PORTAL.

L O N D O N:

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

W H E N a dramatic Performance pre-
sumes to appear from the *Prefs*, with-
out having first obtain'd the Sanction of the
Theatre, the *Author* seems at least indebted to
the *Public* an *Apology* for its Appearance. That
all due Regard therefore may be shewn for so
respectable a Body, as that compos'd of all
Orders and Degrees of Men ; I shall with great
Frankness produce the Reasons that occasion'd
it. My Friends have been so honest, as not
to flatter me with any Hopes of its gaining
Acceptance, (had it been offer'd to either of

iv P R E F A C E.

the Managers) as a Strain of Piety runs through many of the Scenes, which they were of Opinion would never be relished by a modern Audience : They have thought likewise some of the Speeches too long for *Rehearsal* on the Stage. The *latter* of these Objections I might, at the Expence of a little Labour, have removed ; (though in its present Circumstances it was judged unnecessary) : But with Respect to the *former* and main Objection, I am particularly unfortunate ; since I can only ask Pardon for a Fault which I cannot bring myself to amend, or even repent of. These Objections then remaining do, I am sensible, render this Play unpromising for a *Manager's* Approbation ; but notwithstanding I flatter myself they do not lie equally strong against its *Publication* : And though it might run the Hazard of being d—d in a *Theatre*, it may afford a rational and agreeable Entertainment in the *Closet* ; where vicious Fashion does not tyrannize, and where Men need not blush to appear pleased with *natural Sentiment*, or touched with *just Distress*, though the former proceed from a Mind tinctured with *Devotion*, and the latter be supported on Principles worthy a *Man* and a *Christian* : And I make no Doubt,

Doubt, but that, if this Performance should be found not otherwise grossly deficient, in Language, Passion, Sentiment, and Invention, a large *Audience* might be pick'd out for it in *Great Britain*, which would *pardon* the *Piety* that enters into some of the Characters, nay, and *like* it *better* upon that Account. Such therefore, when this Piece is published, it may possibly find out wherever dispersed, and so obtain the *separate* Suffrages of a Number sufficient to preserve the Author's Reputation, tho' they could not be collected into one Place. Prompted therefore by this Hope, I here yield up my *Virgin Tragedy* into the Arms of the *Public*, hoping it will discover in her at least Merit sufficient to entitle her to Indulgence, if she has not Charms and Beauties sufficient to win Esteem and Admiration.

And now I have but one Word more to add, which is, that (to the Mortification of the Critics) the Author only sues for Fame in *Forma pauperis*. As he has been educated, and hitherto passed his Time, not in the learned and peaceful Retreats of *the Muses*, but in the rude and noisy Shop of *Vulcan*, his Performance is but the Effort of almost unassisted *Nature*; the Solace and Amusement of leisure Hours.

On

On this Account he expects large Allowances from the Gentlemen of the Quill, and hopes to meet somewhat the more Favour and Indulgence from the *Public*, for whom he professes the utmost Regard, and begs Leave to subscribe himself their

Most Humblè Servant,

A B. P O R T A L.

P R O L O G U E.

*W*HEN first the tragic Muse adorn'd the Stage,
The Acts of Gods employ'd her glorious Rage ;
Sacred to Piety, on solemn Days
She rous'd Devotion with her mournful Lays ;
She sung of earthly Heroes deified,
Who liv'd for Virtue, and for Virtue died.
But now no more these sacred Themes delight,
Taste, in the present Age, is too polite.
Modeless Religion dares no more appear
To the gay Audience of a Theatre.
The pious Bard, ah ! who will stand his Friend ?
What patient Ear his cloying Scenes attend ?
Tho' from his Pen a tender Story flow,
Exhausting all the Energy of Woe ;
In vain all Arts are try'd Applause to win ;
Religion's an unpardonable Sin—
The Town nice-judging quick the Fault will spy,
And in one Night his blasted Labours die.
Conscious of this, the Author of To-day,
At neither House presum'd to shew his Play ;
Success he could not hope, and did not dare
To hold his Hand at the Theatral Bar.
Yet tho' he durst not on the Stage appear,
Some few of either Sex he trusts there are,
Who, nobly singular, will not deny
To view his Labours with a candid Eye.
Should Virtue's glorious Sons espouse his Cause,
And deign to favour him with their Applause,
O might he such transcendent Honour gain,
The Beau may sneer, the Critic damn in vain.

Dramatis Personæ.

Viol. M^r. Rowe's Letters p 217.

M E N.

ALADINE,	King of <i>Jerusalem</i> .
OLINDO,	{ A Chief of the Christians, in Love with <i>Sophronia</i> .
ARISTO,	
ARGANTES,	{ Friend to <i>Olindo</i> , in Love with <i>Amantia</i> .
ORCANO,	
ISMENO,	A Magician.

Christians, Officers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

SOPHRONIA,	Sister to <i>Aristo</i> .
AMANTIA,	Sister to <i>Olindo</i> .

SCENE, JERUSALEM.



OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Jerusalem. The Palace.*

KING, ARGANTES, ORCANO, and Counsellors.

KING.



Y Lords, by sure Advice I have receiv'd,
The Christian Host, by conqu'ring GOD-
FREY led,
At *Emmaus* is arriv'd; which strait did
yield,

And to his Powers ope'd her defenceless Gates.
But how indeed shou'd that small Town resist,
When warlike *Nice* and *Antioch's* famous Walls
Were found too weak to stop his rapid Course!
Cilicia's Coasts acknowledge his Dominion,
And bend the Knee before his Earth-born God.
But what need I recount each fated Place?
All *Asia* falls before him. O Mahomet!
If there is but one God, and if thou art
His holy Prophet, as thou surely art,

B

Shield

2 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIO.

Shield with thy mighty Arm, thy Faith, this Town :
For ere to-morrow's Noon, this furious Host
Before these Walls shall spread its bloody Cross.
But you, brave Lords, in wholesome Counsel wise,
As bold and daring in the martial Field,
Advise how best we may defend this Place
Against these prosp'rous Robbers.

ARGANTES.

Royal Sire,
Let not your noble Heart, in Wars grown old,
Shrink at the Fury of this boasting Crew,
These Virgin-worshippers ; what tho' as yet
Fortune has plum'd their Helms with Conquests bright ?
'Tis thus she flatters Fools to fight for Graves,
Which they shall find ere long before these Walls.
Lay waste the Suburbs ; poison all the Springs ;
Employ all usual Methods of Defence.
My royal Master, *Egypt's* potent Prince,
Shall soon pour forth such brave resistless Aids,
That ye shall see these fierce religious Wolves,
Whom Zeal for Rapine draws from *Europe's* Den,
By Hunger tam'd—by burning Thirst made faint—
Prest hard on ev'ry Side by valiant Foes—
Drop like the Leaves before autumnal Winds,
And sat the tempting Soil they come to pillage.

ORCANO.

This Language, valiant Lord, full well becomes
A Soldier's Tongue, whose Courage presses on
To hostile Action, and whose Sphere's the Field :
'Tis there the Trumpet summons him to Glory.
What cool and wary Counsel scarce presumes
To view with sanguine Hope, before the Fight ;
There, in one lucky Moment, Fortune gives
The valiant Arm t' atchieve, which well may rouse
The martial Ardor in a Soldier's Breast ;
But still appears too unsecure a Base

To

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 3

To found deliberate Counsel on. Success,
At which ev'n Expectation stands amaz'd,
Can never by the wise be sure expected :
For Courage daring without Reason's Guidance,
Is justly Rashness deem'd; and oftner leads
Deluded Mortals into greater Ills,
Than saves from Danger: Whilst 'tis Reason only,
Whose bright unerring Lamp can best direct
Our wary Steps thro' Danger's slipp'ry Paths.

ARGANTES.

Reason's the Coward's Plea. What—Will ye then
(When god-like Glory beckons you to Arms,
To rescue *Asia* from impending Ruin,
And hurl Destruction on your Prophet's Foes)
Sit tamely still, and starvè within your Walls,
Or meanly sue for Peace, and strive with Gifts
To bribe the mercenary Wretch ye fear?
With bow'd-down Necks receive the Tyrant's Yoke,
The pure Religion of your Sires forsake,
And kneel before the Image of a Woman?

ORCANO.

ARGANTES, well I know your mighty Deeds
Can match your lofty Words: But, Royal Sire,
If Loyalty, with grey Experience join'd,
If cool Reflection from a Heart that feels
More for his Monarch's Danger than his own,
May (without thence incurring vile Impute
Of hateful Cowardice) with Leave advise
What Reason dictates, not with Passion blind,
Nor aw'd by servile Fear; then will I speak.

KING.

ORCANO, freely all thy Thoughts reveal:
By Proof I know thee honest, bold, and wise;
And from thy Counsels oft have reap'd Success.

4 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

ORCANO.

For that thank him, whose Pow'r alone can give
 To wisest Counsels their desir'd Effect :
 Since all the Wit of Man, and all the Strength
 In vain exerts itself against his Will.
 Let us implore the holy Prophet's Aid
 To reconcile us to offended Heav'n ;
 And take each prudent Method to avert
 The Storm impending o'er our guilty Heads.
 War is the Bolt of Vengeance on bad Men,
 Ev'n on that Side that proves the most successful :
 And the loud Trump of Conquest never sounds
 With dying Groans unmix'd, and roaring Anguish,
 The Widow's Shrieks, and helpless Orphans Cries :
 It cannot then be Cowardice to shun
 A Fiend attended with so many Horrors.
 Love to our Country, Duty to ourselves,
 Our Wives, our Children, and our Fellow-Soldiers,
 Require it of us, if we can with Honour.

ARGANTES.

Can Honour stoop so low, to sue for Peace
 To Christian Dogs—Contemners of your Prophet—
 Disturbers of the World ;—base Sons of Violence,—
 Whose bloody Hands have half unpeopled *Asia* ?
 False Hypocrites—who make Religion serve
 To veil the blackest Crimes—Rapine and Murder ;
 And while they preach up to you specious Names
 Of Truth—of Peace—and universal Love,
 Seek to despoil you of your Goods and Lives.
 No—She disdains the Thought—But if she cou'd—
 Think you these Men, by Victories made vain,
 And more by your Submission, will consent
 To any Terms you can with Honour ask ?
 Wou'd you indeed obey fair Honour's Voice,
 And Mahomet's Assistance hope to gain,

Let

Let not a Christian live within your Walls ;
Root out the cursed Weeds from this fair Garden,
Thus disencumber'd, shall it thrive again.

KING.

Well hast thou said, ARGANTES : By this Light,
The Counsel's wholesome : 'Tis the wisest Measure
Mind e'er devis'd.--Yes--They shall die--The Dogs !
What do they here, but spy upon our Motions,
And watch Occasions to betray the City ?
Else GODFREY wou'd not dare approach these Walls,
Impregnable, unless by Treach'ry gain'd:
Besides, I hate the Christians from my Soul,
And (but I waited for some fair Excuse)
Wou'd long ago have rooted from our Earth
Their impious Race ; but now their Doom's decreed.

ORCANO.

Dread Sire—for Heav'n's Sake—I conjure you—O,
Consider well—Weigh ev'ry Circumstance—
Ere to an Act so desperate and bloody
You give the Sanction of your high Command.
Pardon the Boldness of a Subject's Zeal :
But when I see my honour'd Sovereign,
(Whose Service Duty binds not more upon me
Than warm Affection to his Royal Person)
About to do a Deed would stain his Glory,
And plunge him into Dangers unforeseen,
My honest Heart will not permit my Tongue
To lie unmov'd, and see him seek Destruction.

ARGANTES.

I tell thee, Lord, Age freezes in thy Veins ;
Quenches each Spark of Vigour in thy Breast,
And in all others prompts thee to condemn
Whate'er thy feeble Arm may well decline.
Thy Sight is dim'd—And every bugbear Fear
Stalks in thy cheated Eyes a Form gigantic.
Is Honour stain'd—when we in Self-Defence

6 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Destroy our Foes ? Or bleeds Religion—when
With pious Zeal we but revenge the Wrongs
Of holy Mahomet ? And whence this Danger
Your Fears surmise ? Will Danger then be more,
When Foes are fewer ? Or are we to fear
The Shades of those whose Substance we've destroy'd ?

ORCANO.

ARGANTES know—whate'er unthinking Rage,—
Honour on Pride uprais'd—Zeal on Revenge,
May term the horrid Action you propose ;
I, and each honest Heart, or Friend or Foe,
Must deem it base, inhuman, execrable.
The innocent to slaughter, unprovok'd—
Unable—unprepar'd for Self-Defence ;
Is so abhor'd a Fact as cannot fail
With tenfold Rage to arm th' approaching Foe,
Deprive our Friends of ev'ry Hope of Mercy,
And draw down Vengeance on us from above.
The Citizens, to save their Goods and Lives,
And in just Detestation of our Crime,
Will court with Gifts the Hand they now abhor.
Wou'd you obtain the holy Prophet's Aid,
Surpass your Foes in Virtues—not in Crimes.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My Lord, a Man without, who calls his Name
ISMENO, waits with Matters of high Import
T' inform your Majesty and Council.

KING.

Ha !

Bring him before us.

[*Exit. Servant.*]

I ere now have heard
Fame babble Wonders of this Man : But what
His Bus'ness here can be, I cannot guess.

Enter

Enter ISMENO.

ISMENO.

From darksome Caves, by thickest Covert hid,
 Of Shades impenetrable, where the Sun
 Shines not by Day ; but universal Night,
 As in old Chaos, holds perpetual Sway;
 Where long from Eye of mortal Man immur'd,
 Cheer'd by the Lamp of Wisdom, I have past
 My studious Hours in Search of sacred Knowledge.
 Now, urg'd by Loyalty and Zeal, I come
 To aid my Sov'reign in this dang'rous Time,
 What Counsel sage or Magic's potent Skill
 Can do, that will I : And believe me, Sire,
 Wit can do more than Arms.—Such Spells I know,
 As make Hell tremble, and each Sprite impure
 Reluctant yield to a superior Force,
 Quit his dark Cell, and in the painful Light,
 Unwilling, haste to execute my Will.

KING.

Who has not heard, ISMENO, of thy Art ?
 Believe me, thou art welcome from my Soul.
 When Dangers press no Aid shou'd be despis'd ;
 Much less of those tremendous Pow'rs, whose Ken,
 Far more than human, gives them both to see
 And touch the Springs of yet remote Events,
 Unseen, and unperceiv'd. If, by thy Skill,
 (In that mysterious Science, which unveils
 Nature's profoundest Virtues, and the Ties
 Which immaterial to material Things
 Fast bind, and subject them to Wisdom's Pow'r)
 Thou canst assist us in this Day of Peril,
 Speak thy Intent, and know that thou shalt find
 Rewards proportion'd to th' important Service,
 And the Munificence of royal Bounty.

B 4

ISMENO.

8 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

ISMENO.

Thy Treasures be thine own, be mine the Glory
To serve my Sov'reign, and relieve my Country.
These are the only Motives which incite me.
And see, the Foe approaches, near at Hand
Their bloody Crosses fly; 'tis now high Time
Some Means were us'd.—

KING.

Say, shall we first devise
To rid the Town of all its inward Foes,
And root out ev'ry Christian in our Walls?

ISMENO.

'Twere not good Policy : For whilst alive
And in your Pow'r, they are as Hostages
Ta'en of the Enemy ; a certain Pledge,
Shou'd they in Arms prevail, of gentler Terms.
Besides, 'twere needless ; for within my Breast
I have conceiv'd a Purpose most effectual
From all Attacks without, or inward Treason,
To keep us safe.

KING.

Be brief, and let us know
The Labour of thy Mind, that we may strait
Command it to be done.

ISMENO.

Know, Royal Sir,
Within the Christian Temple, far from Sight,
A secret Vault there is, where Gold and Gems,
And costly Ornaments of various Sort,
In Painting, Sculpture, and gay colour'd Tap'stry,
Dispel the native Horror of the Place:
There on a curious Altar, rich inlaid
With Ivory and Gold, an Image lies
Of her they worship as their Prophet's Mother,
And yet (strange Truth !) esteem a spotless Virgin.
This Idol wou'd I have remov'd from thence

By

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 9

By Force, and by your Royal Orders plac'd
In Mah'met's sacred Temple. There secur'd,
By cunning Spells and Pow'r of magic Charms,
I will enchant it in such wond'rous Sort,
That whilst the Image in that Mosque remains,
No Strength of Arms shall win this noble Fort,
Or shake these sacred Walls. Rely on me.
My Life for the Success.

KING.

Enough—'Tis done.—

I will this Instant to the christian Temple,
And seize the Idol—Follow with me, Lords.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a Room in OLINDO's House.

OLINDO, AMANTIA.

AMANTIA.

Why hangs that Cloud upon your Brow, OLINDO?
Why from your Sister will you still conceal
The secret Woe, that rankles in your Breast?
Since I must lose all Sense of grateful Love,
Or share whatever gives you Joy or Pain.
Believe me, Brother, such is my Affection,
I cou'd as soon conceal a secret Thought
From Heaven as from you.

OLINDO.

I know your Soul
Is fraught with Sweetness, Gentleness, and Love;
And you to me are in as dear Esteem
As Virtue to good Men: But why, my Sister,
Shou'd you attribute ev'ry serious Look,
Each downcast Glance, and unregarded Sigh,
To inward Discontent, and stifled Pain?
From latent Changes in the mortal Frame,

Th'

10 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Th' ætherial Mind is strangely oft affected,
Without the Aid of an external Cause,
The rising Spirits now diffuse a Smile
O'er all th' enlighten'd Visage, and the Heart
Exults with sudden Joy, she knows not why.
Again the Spirits flag, a sudden Gloom
Succeeds ; Sighs heave the pensive Breast,
Society displeases, and we seek
In solitary Distance to indulge
The pleasing Melancholy.

AMANTIA.

This I own ;

Nature, by Fits, thus wantons with her Sons
From Causes too obscure for us to see.
But when these Terms of Dulness last so long
As your's have done, Affection cannot help
Suspecting other Springs from whence they rise.

OLINDO.

Believe me, my AMANTIA, your Suspicions
Are all the Offspring of your matchless Kindness,
Which raises Phantoms up to fright itself.

AMANTIA.

By Villains Hands cut off my Father died,
Ere I had Sense to know the Ties of Nature.
My Mother's faithful Heart so doated on him,
That after having languish'd nine long Months,
During which Time (as I have often wept
To hear you tell) she never chang'd her Weeds,
Nor tasted pleasant Food, nor suffer'd Joy
To brighten her sad Countenance ; at length,
Worn with continual Pining, she expir'd :
When, for the first Time since my Father's Death,
A Smile o'erspread her Face, and thus she cry'd,
I come, my long-lost Love, to meet you now.—
To such a Tale who can deny a Tear ?

OLINDO.

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA, II

OLINDO.

Ah ! who indeed ? But to what End is now
The tragic Tale repeated ?

AMANTIA.

Thus I lost

The nat'ral Guardians of my tender Years,
Nor have I known one hurtful Consequence
From thence proceeding ; I have prov'd in you
A Father's Care—a Mother's fond Indulgence—
And all the social Friendship of a Brother.
Your Wisdom taught my infant Steps to tread
The Paths of Honour, Virtue, and Religion,
And your Example serv'd me for a Pattern.

OLINDO.

What means my Sister by this sudden Burst,
This overflowing of the tender Passions ?

AMANTIA.

Yet by such gentle Means you sway'd my Mind,
That to this Day my Eyes have ne'er beheld
A Frown upon your Brow, nor have my Ears
Been ever grated with an harsh Command :
My Wants have all, by your officious Love,
Before myself well knew them, been supplied,
And ev'ry Comfort in your Power to give,
Unwish'd for, I have tasted. Such has been
Your condescending Tenderness to me,
That I could pour into your friendly Bosom
The inmost Secrets of my Soul, not fearing
My Weakness shou'd be scorn'd, but sure to meet
Sincere, affectionate, and wise Advice.

OLINDO.

Why will you pain me thus with the Recital ?
What I have done, you more than have deserv'd.

AMANTIA.

Ah ! what have I, poor Orphan, to return
For all this wond'rous Good ?—Or had I Wealth

And

12 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

And Honours to bestow—how poor the Gift
To pay the mighty Debt ! But I, alas !
Have nought but Pray'rs, and Gratitude, and Love.
And think you, then, I can so soon forget
Each gen'rous Sentiment instill'd by you,
As with Indiff'rence, thus to see you pine,
Thus waste your lonely Hours in silent Grief,
And wear out Life with heart-corroding Care ?
Be Witness, Heav'n, to this my ardent Vow !
That I will never taste of Joy or Ease
Till to your Breast Tranquillity returns.

OLINDO.

Recall that rash, that hasty Vow, AMANTIA ;
May everlasting Gladness cheer thy Soul,
And Blessings heap'd on Blessings crown thy Days.
Your kinder Fortune paves your Way to Bliss.
ARISTO, gen'rous Youth, in Virtue rich,
Nor poor in wordly Wealth, e'en now presents
A Heart worth your Acceptance ; and you oft
Have own'd to me a tender Approbation.
'Twas but this Morn he beg'd me to prevail
With you to fix some Limit to Delay.

AMANTIA.

I will not offer to deny ; in him
Is join'd all that a Virgin's Heart can wish :
But were he grac'd with Charms, beyond the Pow'r
Of Fancy to conceive ; with Virtues, more
Than ever warm'd the Bosom of a Saint ;
And tho' a fiercer Passion fir'd my Heart,
Than Tongue of artful Lover ever feign'd ;
I wou'd not yield my Hand, or let one Thought
Dwell on the Prospect of such Happiness ;
While you, who from my Youth have always been
My kind Support and gen'rous Benefactor,
Give up your Soul a Prey to inward Grief.

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 13

OLINDO.

O quit that dire Resolve, too gen'rous Sister !
Your Happiness was all I dar'd to hope :
Indulg'd in that I never will complain.

AMANTIA.

To you I owe that I am not a Wretch—
Forlorn and destitute—oblig'd to earn
A scanty Living by laborious Toil ;
Of ev'ry virtuous Sentiment devoid,
Doom'd to a Life of Ignorance and Error :
Yes—I repeat my Vow—confirm it Heav'n !
Whilst you are wretched, I will ne'er be happy.

OLINDO.

Too high you rate the little I have done,
Which was but Duty : I had been a Brute,
Had I dealt otherwise with so much Sweetness.
Your Gratitude and Tenderness have quite
O'erpow'r'd my Soul, my strongest Resolutions
Must bend beneath the Weight of such Affection.
My Griefs (since you will share them, tho' unknown)
Why shou'd I longer hide ? Yes—you shall know
The Cause of my Anxiety : and though
I feel some Backwardness from rising Shame,
Yet I will tell my Weakness to my Sister ;
Then judge if I have any Room for Hope.

AMANTIA.

Now you are kind indeed ; and who can tell
When I have heard your Griefs, but I may find
Something within my Pow'r to give you Ease.
What cannot Love perform ?

OLINDO.

Ah no ! I fear,

Too fast the Dart is rivetted that rends
My tortur'd Heart with Pangs of hopeless Love.

ARISTO'S Sister, the divine SOPHRONIA,
That charming Saint, whose elevated Soul
Dwells ever in the Skies, and feeds on Faith,

Uncon-

14 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Unconscious of her Beauty, how can she
Be ever brought to pity its Effects?
How can her Soul, so chaste—so pure—so good,
Angels might copy Excellence from her,
Fir'd with the Love of Heav'n, e'er condescend
To take a mortal Passion to her Breast?
Long have I striv'n to check the growing Flame,
And chace her lovely Image from my Mind,
Like her my Thoughts and wishes to exalt
Far above ev'ry other earthly Beauty: But
'Tis all in vain! For when I think of Heav'n,
The bright Idea of her shining Soul,
In Robes of spotless Innocence array'd,
Presents itself before me for a Guide.

AMANTIA.

Too much, indeed, I fear your Suit is vain.
Ah! strive, OLINDO, tho' the Task be hard,
Her Virtues from her Beauties to divide:
The first and best you may with Ease possess;
Oh, that with Ease you cou'd forget the last.

OLINDO.

Forget her Beauties—didst thou say, AMANTIA?
As soon might Men forget the radiant Sun,
That cheers and warms them with his genial Beams.

AMANTIA.

Yet cheer your drooping Spirits, I have Hopes
She may be wrought on: You have never yet
Declar'd your Passion; I this Eve expect
To see ARISTO: (Much I know she loves him)
And tho' SOPHRONIA has (as I've been told)
Besought her Parents oft, with humble Tears,
That she might live and die a Virgin pure;
And they as oft in soft Return have promis'd
Never to force her virtuous Inclinations;
Yet who can tell, if from a Brother's Tongue,
She hear your Virtues prais'd, your Love approv'd,
How

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA, 15

How far his Influence, employ'd with Art,
May gain upon her Coyness.

OLINDO.

O how kind

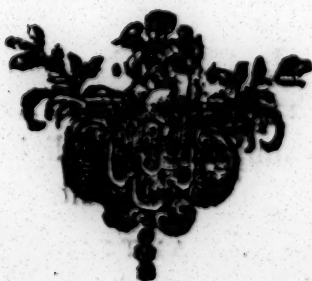
Are you, AMANTIA ! thus with pleasing Hope,
To flatter me to Ease ; But ah, I fear !

AMANTIA.

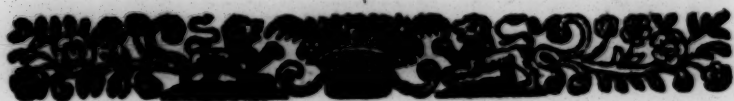
Banish that Fear ;—It is a Foe to Peace,—
To love—to Happiness ; and in its Place
Let tender Hopes succeed—they spur the Mind,
And fire the Soul to great and worthy Acts,
Which, by the Pow'r of their own Heat, can melt
That Ice of Coyness which surrounds the Hearts
Of bashful Virgins. I must now retire
To meet ARISTO ; for the Time approaches
He sent me Word he wou'd be here. Farewell.

May gracious Heav'n my best Endeavours bless,
And crown your Passion with deserv'd Success.

End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT



A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Room in OLINDO's House.*

Enter AMANTIA, to her ARISTO.

ARISTO.

HALL, lovely Maid, whose charming Presence, like
 Returning Health, reanimates my Frame,
 And calls forth ev'ry Pow'r to taste of Joy.
 O my AMANTIA, cou'd your gentle Mind
 Conceive the Tortures of a Lover's Heart,
 Divided from the Object of his Wishes
 With Hopes, and Fears, and Jealousies, beset ;
 Your Pity so diffusive, that takes in
 The very Brute Creation, cou'd not fail
 To plead in my Behalf : Or cou'd you know
 With what supreme Delight your Smiles can fill
 ARISTO's faithful Bosom ; sure I am
 Your kind Benevolence, that joys to give
 Felicity to all within your Pow'r,
 Wou'd now suggest, a blest Occasion offers
 (By yielding to the soft Request of Love)
 To purchase that unspeakable Delight,
 Which none but gen'rous Breasts like your's can feel.

AMANTIA.

I am a plain and simple Maid, ARISTO,
 Unpractic'd in the Arts of Affectation :
 What my Heart thinks I blush not to reveal ;
 I have not learn'd, with well dissembled Frowns,
 To feign Disdain where most my Heart approves ;
 And

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 17

And when by Virtue, Honour, Merit woo'd,
How can my Eyes be blind to such Desert ?
Sue not for Pity, then, when stronger Pleas
Urge me to just Returns of Love : Your Worth
Best recommends the Passion you profess.

ARISTO.

And am I then so blest to be approv'd
By you, O best and loveliest of your Sex !
Here let me kneel, and thank you for your Goodness,
And seal this Vow upon your snowy Hand.
Sickness, Misfortune, Time, nor hoary Age,
Nor all the various Accidents of Life,
Shall ever lessen my confirm'd Esteem ;
But my blest Days shall be all spent in Proofs
Of Gratitude and Love, to make you happy.
But when, my dear AMANTIA, will you deign
To fix the Birth-day of my future Joys ?

AMANTIA.

'Tis true, ARISTO, I confess'd your merit :
Nay, more I'll own ; were I dispos'd to wed,
You stand so fair in my Heart's best Esteem,
That you wou'd little need to fear a Rival.
Let thus much yielded to Desert content you :
For know withal, my Soul does not permit
One Thought to glance that Way. Far,—far from me
To plan out Schemes of Joy at such a Season.

ARISTO.

What means, my Love ? What Season talk you of ?
What tho' Wars threat, and Armies round our Walls
Display their Ensigns ? They are all our Friends,
Protect our holy Faith, and conquer for us.
Or dread you the Disasters of a Siege ?
Or does your Fancy paint a taken Town.
And all the Insults of licentious Bands
By Vict'ry flush'd, and eager for their prey,
With little Diff'rence treating Friends and Foes ?

C

Then

18 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Then shall my Arm protect you, and my Life
Be freely spent to shield you from th' Approach
Of ev'ry Danger. Nor can therefore this
Be judg'd a Time unfit to give your Hand
To him whose Arm shall be your Honour's Guardian.

AMANTIA.

'Tis not, as you suppose, the Time's Distress,
Approaching Armies, and impending Dangers,
(Tho' these but ill agree with bridal Scenes)
That make me now decline the wedded State ;
But Reasons of a widely diff'rent Kind.

ARISTO.

What cruel Reasons thus oppose my Bliss ?
Dally not, dear AMANTIA, with my Love,
Nor cast me down at once from those fair Hopes
To which your Goodness rais'd me ; lest I fall
From Extasy to Misery's lowest Plunge.
Far kinder had it been, had you disdain'd
My Love, and banish'd me for ever from you.
They can't be wretchedest, who ne'er have known
The Taste of Happiness.

AMANTIA,

O calm your Soul,
Nor suffer tyrant Passion to enslave
Your nobler Faculties. Can you suppose,
Without just Reason, I wou'd give you Pain ;
Or lightly trifle with your Patience ? No ;
The Thought were too injurious to my Honour.
When ever, like the vain ones of my Sex,
Have I been seen to practice wanton Arts,
Or mean Deceits ; far other is my Conduct,
And hurt by your Suspicion. Know, ARISTO,
That I have Reasons of the greatest Weight,
On which my Resolution firmly stands.
The sacred Ties of Vows, with Gratitude,
And just Affection join'd, forbid me yield

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 19

To your impatient Wish, and make my Heart
Insensible to Joy, tho' not to Love.

ARISTO.

I stand reprov'd;
Pardon, bright Excellence, th' imprudent Warmth
Of Love presumptuous made by your Indulgence;
And I will henceforth strive to copy you,
In all its Tenderness without its Rage.
Hence will I hear with Patience what I dread,
And tho' each Word be Poison to my Hopes,
Yield calm Submission to resistless Fate.

AMANTIA.

The End of Love is Joy; and how can Joy
Dwell in one Breast with Grief? Yet wedded Bosoms
Mutual in both, shou'd equal Shares divide;
Were it not then unjust in me to bring
A dow'r of Sorrow for expected Bliss?
Yet thus it must be, should I at this Time,
To what you so much press me, give Consent.
But I have vow'd that I will never wed,
Till these black Clouds of Sorrow are dispers'd,
Which much indeed I fear will never be.

ARISTO.

Forbid it, Heav'n! yet think you, my AMANTIA,
Because unwed, I will not share your Grief?
Wedlock's an outward Form, a needful Fence
To save weak Minds from Fickleness of Nature.
But not thence flows the gen'rous Sympathy,
Which makes us feel another's Joys or Woes
More than our own: But from a noble Flame
Kindled in kindred Minds by some bright Spark
Of heavenly Perfection, which will burn,
Tho' unsupplied with Fire from *Hymen's* Torch,
Nor can be quench'd by the salt Streams of Sorrow.
Yet tell me, lovely Maid, from whom my Soul
Must all her Happiness or Woe derive, [Heart?
From whence these Grievs which thus oppress your

AMANTIA.

Have you not late observ'd OLINDO's Brow
 With sullen Cares depress'd, his wonted Mirth
 By Sighs supplanted, and his health flush'd Cheek
 (Th' Effect of virtuous Regularity)
 How chang'd ! to pale and wan, wasted with Grief,
 Which Reason cannot conquer ?

ARISTO.

What the Cause

Of this sad Change can be, I cannot guess.
 That he is chang'd, I have with Grief observ'd,
 And oft with friendly Chearfulness have fought
 To drive the meagre Phantom from his Breast ;
 But all in vain ; I fear he meditates [Host
 Some dang'rous Scheme to aid Prince GODFREY's
 In the Desiv'rance of our holy Church :
 But why from me, his Friend, he shou'd conceal
 Intentions I am bound to wish Success,
 Dissolves that Fear, and I am lost in Doubts.

AMANTIA.

It would be needless to repeat to you
 The precious Obligations that I owe him.
 (For you have been a Witness to his Kindness)
 Judge then yourself, how base wou'd be the Deed,
 Shou'd I with cold Indiff'rence to his Interests,
 And, it might seem, in Mock'ry of his Sorrow,
 Untimely yield to Happiness without him,
 And while sharp Grievs upon his Vitals prey,
 Be gaily rev'ling at my bridal Feast.
 Were I not thus unworthy your Esteem ?
 Or cou'd I hope from you those just Returns
 Of Love, I had refus'd my Brother ?

ARISTO.

Heav'ns !

And must I then pronounce against myself ?
 Yet, O too perfect for a mortal State !

How

How do your Virtues call for new Esteem !
 And thus by strange Perverseness in my Fate,
 You more enflame me by a cold Denial,
 And while you check my Hopes, increase my Love.
 Beauty *must* fade, and Passion *may* be pall'd,
 But Gratitude has Charms to bind the Soul
 In silken Cords to everlasting Truth.
 But cou'd not you, AMANTIA, guess the Cause
 From whence his Griefs proceed ? Perhaps when known
 They might be cur'd, and we might all be happy.

AMANTIA.

Too well, indeed, I know the fatal Cause.
 By Vows and Tears, and ev'ry moving Art,
 I wrung th' unwilling Secret from his Tongue.
 'Tis Love, resistless Love, on Reason's Base
 Strong built, yet hopeless.

ARISTO.

What shy Maid,
 Of Beauty vain, and blind to shining Merit,
 Can be so far a Foe to her own Bliss,
 As to refuse OLINDO's tender Suit ?

AMANTIA.

Nor vain of Beauty, nor to Merit blind,
 Suppose the Maid, unconscious of her Charms,
 (Her Mind intent alone on heav'nly Love)
 In humble Pray'r and holy Transports wrapt,
 Hath neither Eye, nor Ear, for mortal Passion ;
 What then must be the wretched Lover's Case ?

ARISTO.

Too faithful is the Portrait you have drawn,
 And bears too great Resemblance of SOPHRONIA.
 Oh that the Picture were not quite so true,
 And any were her Lover but OLINDO !
 But see my Sister unexpected comes :
 Hasten in her Steps, her Treasures discompos'd ;
 Whate'er the Meaning be, her coming here

22 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Seems lucky ; I will plead in distant Hints
My Friend OLINDO's Cause.

Enter SOPHRONIA.

SOPHRONIA.

Alas, my Brother !—

O my AMANTIA !—O my much lov'd Friends !—
Sad News I bring to shock your pious Ears.
Our Temple is defil'd—the holy Virgin
Torn from her Shrine by sacrilegious Hands,
And forc'd away to Mah'met's hated Mosque.

ARISTO.

Sad News indeed, and full as strange as sad.
What Hand so bold to dare the impious Deed,
And trembled not, lest the avenging Bolt
Should crush him in the Fact ? Or to what End
Cou'd this mad Violence be perpetrated ?

SOPHRONIA.

What dares not royal Tyranny perform ?
As, at the wonted Hour of Ev'ning Pray'r,
I paid my Tribute to th' Almighty Pow'r,
The King, attended with a num'rous Guard,
And with him one, whose meagre Form, sunk Eyes,
And grizly Front, struck, as he pass'd along,
The gazing Crowd with Horror. At the Sight,
Our sacred Priests, and ev'ry Christian Breast,
Were shook with strange involuntary Tremors,
As if some Fiend, with Purpose dire, approach'd.
Directed by this Wretch, the furious King
Enter'd the secret Vault, and straitway seiz'd
The holy Virgin's Image. All amaz'd,
The rev'rend Priests forbade the impious Theft ;
Anathema's pronouncing on the Man
That dar'd persist in such bold Sacrilege.
The harden'd Monarch scornfully reply'd,

I only mean to try, if she to whom
 You pray for Succour, can defend herself:
 If not, how think you she can save your Lives,
 Who rashly dare oppose my sov'reign Will?
 With that the Guards bore off the sacred Prize
 To Mah'met's Temple, while our weeping Christians
 At Distance follow'd, lest the cruel King
 His Sacrilege with Murder shou'd confirm.

ARISTO.

Methinks in this I see the Hand of Heav'n,
 Which but permits him to proceed a while
 In daring Guilt, till he has made compleat
 The Measure of his Crimes, and our Oppressions;
 Then shall th' Almighty Pow'r, in whom we trust,
 Uplift his vengeful Arm, redress our Wrongs,
 And pour on the remorseless Tyrant's Head
 Vials of swift Destruction.

SOPHRONIA.

Sure your Words
 Are with prophetic Fervor spoke. Methinks
 They fill my Soul with Comfort, and I feel
 Sweet Peace returning to my troubled Breast.
 O thou supreme Disposer of Events, [Kneeling.
 Who out of weight'ft Misery can't raise
 Sublimest Joy, if thou wilt kindly deign,
 By mighty GODFREY's holy Arms, to save
 Thy Son's devoted Servants from the Hand
 Of cruel Tyranny, my grateful Tongue
 Shall never cease, in solemn Sounds harmonious,
 To celebrate the Wonders of thy Mercy.
 Youth's vig'rous Bloom I'll thankfully employ
 In ev'ry Sacrifice of pure Devotion:
 In ceaseless Pray'r, and Praise, and holy Alms,
 Ev'n feeble Age shall its best Tribute pay. [Rises.

AMANTIA.

Excuse me, dear SOPHRONIA, while I go

24 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

To seek OLINDO, and make known to him
The fatal News of this bold Sacrilege. [Exit.

ARISTO.

'Tis said, SOPHRONIA, that Prince GODFREY's Host
Will by To-morrow's Noon approach the City,
And that ARGANTES, a most furious Lord,
Whose impious Rage regards not God or Man,
By *Egypt's* Sultan sent on Embassy,
To stop the Progress of the Christian Host,
And breathing Vengeance, urges on the King
To desp'rate Courses, which 'tis like will end
In his own Ruin, and our Preservation.

SOPHRONIA.

Grant, Heav'n, the latter ! but I would not wish
Ruin to any, tho' my greatest Foe.
Such Charity sublime our Faith enjoins.
But if the Course of Providence ordains,
That he must fall to free our holy Church,
May some bright Ray of Heav'n's all-saving Grace,
Point out to his departing Soul his Crimes,
And shew him, with Repentance true, to call
On that blest Rock, which, in the dreadful Day,
Of God's avenging Justice, can alone
Cover his black Offences from the Eye
Of Wrath Almighty, that his Body's Ruin
May work the Preservation of his Soul.

ARISTO.

If, my SOPHRONIA, Heav'n from us expects
Such Charity for those, who in rank Hate
Seek our Destruction ; what must be the Due
Of those kind Friends, who out of pure Esteem
Wou'd hazard Life and Fortune for our Love ?

SOPHRONIA.

Such Love, indeed, we have experienc'd all
From our fond Parents, and such Love I trust
ARISTO bears his Sister : Such I'm sure

SOPHRO-

SOPHRONIA bears her Brother; and such Love
Is due to all who bear the same to us.

ARISTO.

In Parents Bosoms, and in Brethrens too,
Where Virtue dwells, Nature such Love implants.
But some there are, who free from Ties of Blood,
Fir'd with Esteem of what they deem Desert,
Conceive within their gen'rous Breasts a Flame
Pure, chaste and holy, and of fiercer Sort
Than that which Parents bear their dearest Child:
Sure such as this demands a great Return.

SOPHRONIA.

You speak, my Brother, of that Flame, I guess,
You bear AMANTIA, and I do not doubt
But she will well repay your gen'rous Love.

ARISTO.

Suppose, SOPHRONIA, some deserving Youth
Whose Merit was unquestionable, such
As is OLINDO, fair AMANTIA's Brother,
Were in my Place, and you were in AMANTIA's;
Cou'd you refuse a Passion so devout?

SOPHRONIA.

Love is a Case too intricate, ARISTO,
For me to judge of, 'tis a Theme on which
I never studied, and 'tis my Intent,
If noble GODFREY's arms shou'd prove successful,
Within some holy Cloyster to devote
My Days to Heav'n in Virgin Innocence.

ARISTO.

But were the Case, as I but now suppos'd,
Wou'd Heav'n be pleas'd with such a Sacrifice?
Wou'd it not be, by such misguided Step,
To frustrate the Intent of your Creation?
When Heav'n in its own Image first vouchsaf'd
To form our gen'ral Parent, tho' sole Lord

Of

26 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Of all his Eyes beheld, unblest he saw
The unveil'd Beauties of the blooming Earth.
Fitted for social Converse, he disdain'd
A Pleasure not to be communicated.

Give me, he cried, great Father of the World,
A fellow Mind. Indulgent to his Pray'r,
The first bright Maid arose, of him a Part,
With all her Charms, to be to him restor'd.
Heav'n blest the sacred Union with Increase,
And instituted thence the nuptial Tye.



SOPHRONIA.

What needs such Reas'ning on a Case that hangs
On Nought but Supposition? Yet, my Brother,
The holy Books, whence all my Learning flows,
Command my Charity to all Mankind
As far as in my Pow'r, but not beyond.
A conjugal Affection must be felt,
Or how can we bestow a Thing we have not?
Let those who feel a mutual Disposition
To taste the Joys of Wedlock's honour'd State,
Join and be happy; but for me, I wish
No greater Pleasure than celestial Love
Can yield. My Views, exalted far above
Earth's fading Beauties, shall enflame my Soul
With Extasies as far beyond the Joys
Of earthly Lovers, as the glorious Beams
Of Heav'n's all-chearing Sun exceed in Light
The wretched Twinkling of a Midnight Taper.

ARISTO.

Far be it from ARISTO to dissuade
His Sister's Soul from such sublime Pursuits.
But if, my dear SOPHRONIA, I can prove,
That with mistaken Zeal, you shun the Means,
Of rend'ring to high Heav'n the greatest Honour
Will you renounce the Error you embrace?

SOPHRO-

SOPHRONIA.

Convince me, Brother, it can be an Error
 To love that Pow'r to whom myself I owe,
 With all the Veh'mence of respectful Passion
 The Frame of mortal Beings can sustain,
 And to devote this Vessel pure and holy,
 Made of his own rich Metal (richer far
 Than unadulterate Gold) to his own Use,
 With Dross of earthly Passion unpolluted ;
 I say, convince me this can be an Error,
 And I'll submit to what you prove more right.

ARISTO.

I know thy Zeal is warm as that of Angels,
 And cannot brook the Shadow of an Error ;
 But Reason at the best is prone to err.
 For what did Heav'n that lovely Vessel form,
 Of Workmanship so exquisite ; adorn'd
 With Graces numberless, and sweet Attracts,
 Commanding from the Gazer's fix'd Regard,
 Wonder, Esteem, and Love ? For some wise End,
 No Doubt ? But why so lavish of those Gifts,
 If useless meant to fade in cloyster'd Walls.
 In Acts of Praise and Pray'r, the outward Form
 Imports not : The great Maker's Eye is not
 To Beauty partial like the Sons of Earth ;
 Where's then its Use ? Could it be meant alone
 To raise in Man's weak Breast a painful Wish,
 Destructive of his Peace, if not accomplish'd,
 And if accomplish'd, to betray his Soul ?
 Heav'n's Works all tend to good, and none to harm,
 But when misus'd. As well might we suppose
 The spacious Sea, with all her num'rous Train
 Of tributary Streams, with finny Stores
 Abounding, which within her Womb opaque,
 Coral and Pearl Matures, off'ring her Back
 To bear the Mariner to distant Climes,

Where

28 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Where Gems, and Gold, and ev'ry precious Fruit,
 Reward th' Advent'ers Toil ; as well, I say,
 We might suppose the Sea was only form'd
 To tempt us to be shipwreck'd, not increase
 The Number of our Blessings, as suppose,
 Beauty was only made so heav'nly bright
 To tempt us to Transgression. No, my Sister ;
 The lovely Vessel, Woman, was adorn'd
 With all the soft Embellishments of Nature,
 To raise in Man the best of Passions, Love.
 A Passion so contriv'd by all-wise Pow'r,
 That while from thence we prove the purest Bliss
 Earth can afford, we do the Work of Heav'n,
 And raise up Souls to honour the Creator.
 Then who shall dare to call chaste Love Pollution,
 Thus privileg'd and honour'd, and for which
 Bright Beauty first was given ?

SOPHRONIA.

That what you urge
 Is Beauty's Use, I mean not to deny,
 And am convinc'd, I err'd when I presum'd
 To call that Passion Dross, which Heav'n is pleas'd
 T' appoint the Spring of Life, and new Creation ;
 Yet can I not conceive, it is a Crime
 For one whose Heart is not inclin'd to Love,
 Nor ever felt the Motions of Desire,
 To fly from all the Vanities of Life,
 Its num'rous Troubles, and more num'rous Snares,
 In holy Walls, with unmolested Peace,
 To spend her destin'd Hours in conq'ring Sin,
 Contemplating the heav'nly Perfections,
 And fitting her immortal Soul for Bliss.
 Shou'd such retire, enough there still remain,
 Who willingly prevent the Ills you fear.
 Enough there are who place their highest Joy

In

In earthly Love. To multiply Mankind
Be theirs the Task.

ARISTO.

Again you err, my Sister ;
If none but those shou'd wed, whose idle Souls
Think not of Heav'n ; with what a wretched Race
Wou'd Earth be stock'd ? What ! shall the barren Thorn,
Nourish the Grape, whilst the luxuriant Vine,
By Nature fitted for the glorious Task,
Spends all her fertile Sap in useless Arms
Extended high to Heav'n, as if to mock it ?

SOPHRONIA.

Mistake me not. I readily confess
The best are ever fittest to be wed ;
But where the Inclination is averse ?

ARISTO.

Ah trust not, Sister, to a fond Delusion.
What tho' your Heart has never felt as yet
The tender Thrillings of a chaste Desire ;
How shou'd it, when perversely you withdraw
Your Eyes from ev'ry Object form'd to raise it ?
Tho' of a rougher Make, Man lacks not Charms
To fill a Female Breast with equal Joys
To those she gives : And if you not refuse
To hear the Man of Merit when he pleads,
I doubt not, you will find Desire approach
Insensibly, as when i' th' earthly Dawn
The Twilight rises. And, believe me, Sister,
Nature is seldom frustrate of her End.
Shou'd you some Years, with pious Prejudice
And Heat of Zeal, be able to expel
Her wonted Sentiments, perhaps too late,
When chilling Age has froze the vig'rous Spirits,
Or shou'd these Transports but in Time subside,
Nature returning may with sharp Remorse
Lament past Vows irrevocable, and

Untimely

30 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Untimely feel those Passions which before
Were but suspended, never overcome.
In time beware then.

SOPHRONIA.

Brother, I will weigh
The Reasons you have urg'd, and trust to Heav'n
For Guidance to perform its sacred Will.

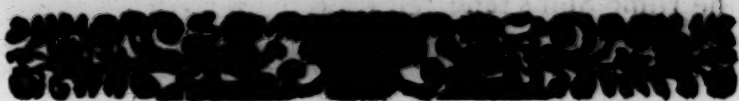
ARISTO.

'Tis late, SOPHRONIA, let us now retire.
May gentle Spirits watch around thy Bed,
To shield thy tender Innocence from Harm,
And balmy Sleep renew each blooming Charm.

End of the SECOND ACT.



ACT



A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

The KING, ARGANTES, ORCANO, ISMENO, and Attendants.

KING.

'TIS best, my Lords, that we in Person see
Our royal Will perform'd ; the Gates secur'd
With massy Bolts ; the Springs, that with their Streams
Refresh the neighb'ring Meads, with deadly Bane
Impregnated, and whatsoe'er may serve
The Foe destroy'd ; with Fire the Suburbs wasted,
And the thick Woods, thro' which the Foe must pass,
With Men in Ambush lin'd, whose secret Shafts
May gall the Enemy in their Advance.

ARGANTES.

Please but your Majesty command my Service,
I'll make such Havock of these Sons of Rapine,
Hell's Entrance shall regorge with Christian Souls.

KING.

Ha ! who comes here ? a Messenger ; what Tidings ?

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

From *Sion's* Tow'r, dread Sire, the Foe is seen
Thro'

32 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

Thro' Clouds of Dust, which like thick Smoke ascend,
Black'ning the Sky, while from their burnish'd Shields
The rising Sun's reflected Rays shoot forth,
Like Sheets of pointed Flame.

ISMENO.

Well, let them come,
And were they arm'd indeed with Fires from Hell,
We shou'd not need to start at their Approach.
Believe me, Sire, no Danger can prevail,
Whilst in your Mosque secure that Image lies.

Enter a second MESSENGER.

KING.

What News bring you?

MESSENGER.

The Enemy, dread Sire,
Measures the short'ning Way with such quick Strides,
As if they meant to take us by Surprise.
The Leaders gallop foremost, void of Fear ;
So great their Number, that they make alone
A formidable Host ; the foll'wing Troops
Past counting, overflow the scant Horizon

ARGANTES.

The more to die ! By Mahomet, I swear,
The youthful Hero's Bride, with less Impatience
Waits the Return of her victorious Lord,
Than I to meet these Bluff'ers.

ORCANO.

Might I wish,
I'd wish them back to *Europe*, tho' 'twere sure
We shou'd have Fortune equal to your Hopes.
Thus wou'd the Lives of Thousands be preserv'd,
Destin'd on both Sides to a bloody Grave.

KING.

Back to your Officers, and bid 'em haste

To execute their Orders, lest the Foe
Outstrip them in their Zeal. Lose not a Moment.

[*Exeunt* MESSENGERS.]

ISMENO, we rely upon thy Wisdom,
And as we have proceeded hitherto
By thy Advice, wou'd farther know of thee
How we shall act against th' approaching Foe.

ISMENO.

Keep close within your Walls, and let ARGANTES,
Whose Valour boils within his hardy Breast,
With some few Knights and Men of fearless Souls,
Who thirst for glorious Veng'ance, when arriv'd,
In unexpected Sallies fall upon them ;
And chiefly level the sharp Edge of War
Against their most distinguish'd Officers ;
For one of them is more than worth a Squadron.
Meanwhile securely keep the fated Image,
And Length of Time will wear their Forces out.

KING.

Did all the Christians in the City join,
To move the Image, 'twere a vain Attempt,
So strong a Guard we've plac'd. And see here comes
The Warden of the Temple.

Enter WARDEN.

'Tis, no Doubt,
To tell us all our Orders are obey'd,
For the safe Keeping of the Image,—Ha—

[*To the Warden.*]

I do not like thy Looks, thy tardy Step,
Pale Cheeks, and trembling Hands, betray thy Fear.
Say, is the Image safe ? Better, if not,
Thy Coward Soul had ne'er with useless Strength
Supplied thy Carcase ; which shall soon be made
Food for the Dogs ; Creatures of nobler Kind,
More Courage, more Fidelity than thou.

D

Why

34 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Why speak'st thou not, base Reptile, ere my Sword
Put Speech out of thy Power.

WARDEN, *kneeling.*

My royal Lord,
Grant me but so much Patience as to hear
A brief Account of this most strange Event ;
And if you find—

KING.

Is then the Image gone ?

WARDEN.

It is, dread Sir ; but when your royal Ear
Is well acquainted in how strange a Manner—

KING.

Hence with thy Tale and thy Excuses both
To Hell : They'll please the Father of Deceit.

[*Offers to stab him.*

ORCANO, *holding his Arm.*

Pardon me, royal Sire, but 'tis too rash,
To sacrifice to Rage an Act of Justice.
Let me implore your Mercy but to hear
The Criminal's Defence : Besides, 'twou'd be
Too great an Honour for a Wretch like him,
To die by that good Sword, which ne'er was stain'd
But with the Blood of Heroes in the Field.

KING.

Ha ! who art thou that dar'st with rebel Arm
Oppose thy Sov'reign's Will ?

ORCANO.

Call not me Rebel,
Who interpose to save you from the worst
Of mortal Enemies, fell Rage, which prompts
Your Arm to perpetrate a cruel Deed,
Soon to be follow'd with a vain Repentance,
When cool Reflection to your Breast returns.

ISMENO.

Most gracious Sire, since Death is silent, let

The

The Wretch but live till he has told his Tale ;
Perhaps from thence we may discover who
Have been th' Offenders ; and let them be made
Immediate Victims of your just Displeasure.

KING.

Speak, Traytor, but beware thy Words be true.
For if there lurks within them foul Suspicion
Of Fraud or Falshood, instant Death's thy Doom.

WARDEN.

So Mah'met shield my Life, as I will bear
To Truth Regard most sacred in my Tale,
Howe'er incredible it sounds. Know then,
The num'rous Guard your Majesty had sent,
Lin'd ev'ry Avenue, nor on their Post
Were they disturb'd. The Temple's spacious Nave
Was fill'd with Soldiers, who were not alarm'd :
And at the Entrance of the little Cell,
Where lay the Image, there was plac'd a Guard
Of trusty Officers, whose Eyes nor Ears
Cou'd find out any Reason for Suspicion.
Myself watch'd by it, and I hardly know
If for a Moment I had clos'd my Eyes,
When lo ! the Image was remov'd, or vanish'd.

KING.

So 'twas by Miracle convey'd away :
Now for another Miracle to save
Thy Life. Guards, apprehend this base Impostor,
And bear him hence, to instant Execution.

WARDEN.

Tyrant, if ought that I have said prove false,
Heav'n prosper thee ; if not, may Curses blast thee.
[Exit, carried off.]

ISMENO.

I much suspect this Villain was a Christian,
And to his Brethren has betray'd his Trust.
Suppose, dread Sire, we thro' the Streets proclaim,

36 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

That if within six Hours the Image stol'n
Be not again deliver'd to your Pow'r,
No Christian Eye within this spacious Town
Shall see to-morrow's Dawn ; no, not a Babe's ;
But all their treach'rous Race shall be destroy'd.

KING.

Your Counsel pleases me, it must be done.
What says, ARGANTES ?

ARGANTES.

Th' Image, royal Sir,
Moves not my Thoughts the least, our best Defence
Is our good Swords, I never lik'd the Scheme :
But since it may produce a fair Pretence
To let loose our Revenge upon the Christians,
I like it better.

KING.

What says now ORCANO ?
Must we still tamely bear their Insolence ?

ORCANO.

First know 'tis theirs, and then proceed to punish.

ARGANTES.

Whether it be or no, what matters it ?
You know they are your Foes, and in your Power,
And fit it is you use it ; not, like Fools,
By ill-tim'd Lenity lose brave Revenge.
Is this a Time, when raging Armies flush'd !
With rapid Conquests thunder at your Gates,
In wise Debates to preach away the Hours :
Or where's the Policy to keep an Hostage
When 'tis a Folly but to entertain
A Thought of friendly Terms, with deadly Foes ?
Think not of Terms, rely upon Despair ;
The Time calls loud for Action ; and Revenge
Is the best Spur to great and warlike Acts.
Indulge it then ; this Taste of Christian Blood

Shall flesh your Soldiers to the future Combat,
And animate their hearts to hostile Action.

KING.

I swear by Allah, I will not be tame.

ARGANTES, thou thyself shalt see it done.

Be it forthwith thro' all our Streets proclaim'd ;

If in six Hours the Image be not found,

And to our royal Purposes restor'd ;

Revenge shall gorge her Snakes with Christian Blood.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OLINDO *and* ARISTO.

ARISTO.

Now by the Love I bear your charming Sister,

In whom, next Heav'n, I place all Hopes of Joy,

I will not let SOPHRONIA rest, till she

Grant Hearing to your Suit ; I'll ply her close

With ev'ry Argument of strong Persuasion,

That ardent Love and Friendship can suggest.

OLINDO.

ARISTO, to your Friendship I must owe

More than my Pow'r can pay ; but tell me, Friend,

Against the Supposition that you urg'd,

What were her Arguments ?

ARISTO.

Her chief was this ;

How cou'd she yield affection to a Man

For whom she felt it not ?

OLINDO.

Alas ! too true !

O cou'd I but perform some glorious Deed,

To make me in her lovely Eye conspicuous,

Danger with longing Arms I wou'd embrace,

And venture Life well pleas'd, to gain her Love.

ARISTO.

Why needs my Friend by Death or Danger seek

D 3

To

38 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

To signalize his Worth? In Reason's Eye
 A Mind by ev'ry manly Grace possess'd,
 And pious Fortitude, to fight alone
 Virtue's deserted Battles 'gainst the Powers
 (In flow'ry Ambush hid) of Pomp and Pleasure,
 And th' open Foe of threat'ning Persecution,
 Must far outshine the vain, the dazz'ling Glare
 Of brutal Courage, oftneft exercis'd
 By Men, who merit shame instead of Praise:
 Of these, my Friend, each Action of your Life
 Has giv'n full Proof, nor is SOPHRONIA's Eye
 A Stranger to your Merit; she but wants
 (Her Soul absorb'd in heav'nly Contemplation)
 To be reminded she is yet a Woman,
 And she may soon exchange a just Esteem
 For the more pleasing Sweets of mutual Love.

*A confus'd Noise of Crying and Lamentation is
 heard without.*

OLINDO.

What new Oppression to these Cries give Birth?
 It seems the Voice of Horror and Despair,
 And moves this Way; my private Grievs be hush'd,
 When public Sorrows call for my Attention,
 Perhaps require my Aid.

*Enter a confus'd Croud of CHRISTIANS, making
 great Lamentation.*

FIRST CHRISTIAN.

O ye brave Props—
 Ye valiant Champions of our holy Church,
 OLINDO and ARISTO!
 Ye oft have stem'd the Torrent of Oppression—
 O save us now—our Wives—our Children save—
 Your rev'rend Parents, and your sacred Faith,
 From this last Ruin, which involves us all.

OLINDO.

What mean these bitter Cries ? Or whence proceeds
This Danger, so immediate and so fatal ?

SECOND CHRISTIAN.

Th' enraged King on losing the blest Image,
By Heav'n recover'd from his impious Hands,
Has thro' the Town proclaim'd ; if in six Hours
It be not to his Power again restor'd,
No Christian Eye within these spacious Walls
Shall see to-morrow's Dawn ; no, not a Babe's.

FIRST CHRISTIAN.

We have no Friends, alas ! but Heav'n and you.
Already is our bloody Foe, ARGANTES,
From ev'ry Quarter must'ring up his Troops,
Impatient watching till the Time expire :
As Beasts of Prey, that watch the setting Sun,
To glut their horrid Maws with life-warm Blood.

FIRST CHRISTIAN.

Oft have ye been Heav'n's worthy Instruments,
To save us from the Tyrant's wicked Will :
O let our Danger now rouse up your Souls
To some untry'd Expedient—See, our Wives
With rooted Hair, loud Shrieks, and frantic Grief
Express their deep Despair—Our hapless Virgins
Of all their wonted Ornaments disrob'd,
With their sharp Nails despoiling their own Beauty,
And staining their white Breasts with Blood and Tears.
Our helpless Infants with contagious Sorrow
Draining their tender Eyes, they know not why.

FIRST CHRISTIAN.

If there is ought that you esteem more dear
Than Friends—and Parents—or ev'n Life itself :
If mighty Love has touch'd your manly Breasts—
Oh think you see the Darlings of your Eyes—
Your Heart's fond Wish--and Rapture of your Souls—
Drag'd on the Ground--and torn with ghastly Wounds--

40 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Perhaps the Brutal Dogs may think it much !
To let them die with Innocence unmarr'd.

OLINDO.

No more, my Friends—I cannot bear to hear it—
You harrow up my Soul—But how can we
Who share alike your Danger and Distress,
Or save ourselves or you—cou'd my own Life
Appease the angry Tyrant—Witness Heav'n, [Joy
The Wretch with Famine pinch'd wou'd with less
Resign his Gold, for Life-sustaining Bread.

Enter AMANTIA *and* SOPHRONIA.

AMANTIA.

Oh ! my lov'd Brother!--Parent--Friend,--OLINDO;
And you, ARISTO, whom my Heart shall own,
Without a Blush, the next in my Esteem !
How have I sought you thro' the mourning Crowd,
Left the fierce Sword, that now is almost drawn,
Shou'd stop my Passage to your friendly Arms !
Where let me hang, and with disdainful Smile,
I'll mock the Tyrant's Power, and laugh at Death.

ARISTO.

Perish ten Thousand Tyrants, ere those Eyes
That feed my Soul with Life, be clos'd in Death,
With just Revenge, Despair, and potent Love,
(Armour impregnable) I'll meet the Foe,
And like the Cherubim with flaming Sword,
From impious Hands I'll guard my Tree of Life.

OLINDO.

Nobly resolv'd ! thou more than dearest Friend,
Thou Brother of my Soul ; with thee I'll join :
And you my Fellow Christians, and my Friends,
Whose Int'rests, Hopes and Fears, are link'd with ours;
Bravely unite, and let us lead you on
To Deeds, that when in future Annals read,
Heroes shall emulate, and Tyrant Kings

Turn

Turn pale at the Recital ; then, if Heav'n
Decree our present Fall, let us resign
Our Souls to him, who can with endless Bliss
O'erpay our transient Suff'rings here below.
Haste then, my Brethren, gather all our Friends
Within the holy Temple ; there t' implore
Heav'n's kind Assistance in that needful Hour ;
There will we meet your Force, and lead you on
To Christian Liberty, or Martyrs Thrones.

FIRST CHRISTIAN.

We go, brave Youths, and with such valiant Leaders
We will not yet despair of blest Deliv'rance.
Our Cause be for us, and th' Almighty's Aid.

[*Exeunt.*

ARISTO.

O my SOPHRONIA—O my much lov'd Sister—
And thou, AMANTIA, Mistress of my Soul—
How does your Danger rend my anxious Heart
With Tortures inconceivable ?—To me
The Wretch expiring on the cruel Wheel
Is happy :—For he feels—but for himself ;
And knows his Pains will shortly end :—His Soul
(Sordid and lost to ev'ry virtuous Tye ;—
Of ev'ry tender delicate Sensation
Void as the senseless Brute ;) can never know
What complicated Pangs afflict the Breasts
Of Brothers—Friends—and Lovers.

SOPHRONIA.

Patience, ARISTO, and calm Resignation
To Heav'n's all-wise Decrees, like precious Balms,
Assuage the sharpest Pangs of virtuous Minds,
And Sorrows rising from the holy Fount
Of social Tendernefs do with them bring
A Consciousness of inward Merit, that
With secret Satisfaction gently blends
And overpays the Pains they make us suffer.

ARISTO.

42 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

ARISTO.

Thy pious Heart, SOPHRONIA, that ne'er felt
The Force of Love's fierce Passion, well may preach
Patience and Resignation to those Ills
Thou can'st not even guess at. Maid—I tell thee—
Did Half the Passion that enflames my Heart
For fair AMANTIA's Charms, distract thy Breast,
For some deserving Youth, in Danger plac'd
Equal to ours; like me thou'dst tear thy Hair,—
Beat thy afflicted Breast—and stamp the Ground,—
And fly for Ease to Madness.— O AMANTIA,—
Each Crimson Drop that paints thy lovely Cheek
Is far—far dearer to my faithful Heart,
Than the whole Mass that animates this Frame.

AMANTIA.

Think not, ARISTO, that my Heart than your's
Groans with less Anguish for my dearest Friends:
Nor think so high I prize this worthless Life,
That I wou'd wish to shun a Fate, in which
Theirs were involved; but shou'd I wildly rave,
With Fury knash my Teeth, and loudly rend
The vaulted Firmament with piteous Cries;
What wou'd it all avail? This useless Rage
Wou'd but confess a Weakness in my Breast,
My Soul disdains to stoop to.

ARISTO.

O AMANTIA,

How just is your Reprove! Your bright Example
Shall to calm Reason's Pow'r restore my Mind,
And check all vain Expressions of just Rage.
Hence will I vent no more in fruitless Complaints
The Lab'rings of my Soul, but rush to Arms,
And at the Head of our devoted People,
Redeem your Lives from the impending Danger,
Or dearly sell the Vict'ry to the Foe.

OLINDO.

OLINDO.

O thou whose penetrating Eye surveys,
The secret Caverns of the human Heart,
And there in Letters, bright as Mid-day Suns,
Read'st all our Thoughts, past, present, or to come;
If I have striv'n, altho' with fault'ring Steps,
To tread Religion's ever sacred Paths,
Propitious hear my Pray'r, and grant this Boon,
I ask not Length of Days, nor Honour's Plume,
Nor Fortune's boasted Gift, pernicious Wealth,
Nor what the fond mistaken World calls Pleasure :
But by some glorious Act (in Life or Death
Alike to me) from this destructive Blow,
To save my Fellow Christians, and my Friends.

SOPHRONIA.

Illustrious Youth ! may Heav'n your gen'rous Zeal
With mortal and Immortal Bliss reward !
Virtues like your's, I trust, were never form'd
As Ornaments to Death : With swift wing'd Glory
But just to strike the Eye, like falling Stars,
And sink into Oblivion.

OLINDO.

Beauteous Saint,

Cease thus to lavish, on a worthless Object,
Praises might make celestial Bosoms glow.
Ah, my SOPHRONIA ! cou'd my Death redeem
Your valu'd Life from this impending Stroke,
I shou'd esteem it a Reward beyond
The little Merit I cou'd ever boast.

Pardon me, lovely Maid : But since perhaps
This Moment is the last, my doating Eyes
May ever gaze upon your matchless Charms ;
Perhaps the last, my ravish'd Ears may draw
Harmonious Wisdom from those heav'nly Lips ;
Permit me to unload my lab'ring Heart,

Which

44 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

Which conscious of its own Demerit, long
Has felt the silent Pangs of hopeless Passion.

SOPHRONIA.

Is this a Time, OLINDO, when the Wrath
Of angry Heav'n, has set us on the Verge
Of Death's dread Precipice, to waste the Hours,
Perhaps the Moments only we have left,
With idle Tales, and Fooleries of Love? [Thoughts;
Drive from your Breast such weak and ill-tim'd
They ill agree with that heroic Wish
That spoke the native Greatness of your Soul.
Farewel, OLINDO, and on this rely,
Your Virtues I will honour, and your Weakness
Shall not preserve a Place in my Remembrance.

[Exit.

OLINDO.

Alas ! she's fled—and with her all my Hopes.—
O had I died in Silence !—then had I
Ne'er lost her dear Esteem—but now she thinks me
A low--weak Wretch--unworthy her Remembrance--
O my fond Tongue ! how cou'd'st thou thus betray
Thy Master's Interest.—Scarce can Reason keep
My vengeful Hand from doing Justice on thee.
O I cou'd tear thee up by th' Roots ;—for thou
Can'st ne'er by any future Services
Redeem the Harm thou'st done me.

AMANTIA.

Why, OLINDO,

Will you misconstrue what was kindly meant ?
But Lovers ever make their own Misfortunes.
She did not blame your Passion, but the Time
Of your revealing it. Nay, she left Room
(Large Room indeed) for Hope ; since she declar'd
Your Virtues she wou'd honour, and what more
Cou'd

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 45

Cou'd you expect in Favour of your Passion?
Then rouse up ev'ry Spark of manly Virtue,
And let her see the Hero in your Actions;

And trust me, Brother, you will shortly prove
Esteem in Woman is allied to Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the THIRD ACT.



ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE I. SOPHRONIA, *sola*.

SURE Heav'n itself inspires the happy Thought—
 To save the Lives of all my Fellow Christians—
 My aged Parents—and my much lov'd Brothers—
 With that illustrious Youth's, who nobly wish'd
 To sacrifice his own, to save his Friends—
 O, 'twas a noble wish ;—but the blest Lot
 Heav'n has reserv'd for me—and for the Boon
 My dying Breath shall be pour'd out in Thanks.
 To die?—What is it—to the Christian Soul,
 Fir'd with the Prospect of eternal Bliss?
 What is it—but by Means of one short Pang
 To change this painful—this precarious Life,
 Where Vice and Folly poisons all our Joys
 And persecuted Virtue roams distress'd : [ports
 For one—to whose least Pleasures Earth's short Trans-
 Seem pitied Ravings of a frantic Brain :—
 For one—whose infinite Duration mocks
 The scanty Limits of ten Thousand Years ;
 Where Vice and Folly, with their num'rous Train
 Of formidable Ills, shall find no Place ;
 But Virtue, tho' on Earth distress'd and scorn'd,
 Shall be exalted to a Throne of Glory,
 The Christian cannot die ;—for when he quits
 This mortal Life—he triumphs o'er the Grave.

Let

Let Heathens shudder at the dark Abyfs,
Thro' Ign'rance of Futurity,—while we
Can with the Eye of Faith pierce thro' the Gloom,
And view the Regions of eternal Day.
But while the pleasing Contemplation wraps
My Soul in Transports—I forget the Time,
The Danger, and my Friends. Quick to the King
I'll hafte, and prove the Fortune of my Purpose,
Which, if Heaven prosper, fhall to them procure
Deliv'rance from Deftruction—and to me
Enfure a glorious Immortality. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

KING, ARGANTES, ORCANO, ISMENO, *Guards,*
and Attendants.

ARGANTES.

By Heav'n, I've thought thefe fix long tedious Hours,
Longer than fick Mens Nights groan'd out in Anguifh,
But now, thank Allah, they are juft expir'd :
And what delights me moft, it feems they mean
To ftand in their Defence, and for that End
All are together in their Temple met.
Not ev'n their Women or their Children abfent.
OLINDO and ARISTO, as I hear,
Intend to lead them—Fame reports they're brave :
They'll make the better Sport—This is as I
Wou'd have it. If't please your Majefty,
We'll fire the Hive of thefe malicious Wasps,
While with your gallant Troops I will befet
The Temple Gates, and give the precious Knaves
Freedom of Choice—to die by Sword, or Fire.

Enter

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

If't please your Majesty, a Christian Maid,
Of noble Air, and veil'd from curious Eyes
Demands Admittance ; she pretends she has
Some Secret of Importance to reveal
Unto your royal Ear.

ARGANTES.

Admit her not—What, do the Wretches think
Your Majesty is so weak as to be mov'd
By Women's Tears ? Her Secret, I suppose,
Is what each Individual of her Sex
Is Mistress of—the same have Crocodiles.

ORCANO.

Perhaps she may inform your Highness where
The Image is conceal'd ; most likely 'tis,
That is her Secret ; and grant Heav'n it be !
Since it may save your Majesty the Crime
Of shedding guiltless Blood.

KING.

Whate'er it be,
My Pleasure is to hear it.—Tell the Maid,
She shall have free Admittance to our Ear.
[Exit ATTENDANT, and returns with SOPHRONIA.]

KING.

ARGANTES, view her well ; tho' wintry Age
Has snow'd upon this Head, by Heav'n I swear,
Till now my wond'ring Eyes have ne'er beheld
A Form so faultless, or a Port so graceful. [Aside.]

Unhappy Maid, lay by thy needless Fears,
Unveil thy Beauties, and approach unaw'd ;
Nor doubt to meet a kind and gentle Hearing.

SOPHRONIA.

I come, dread Sir, to ease your troubled Breast

Of

Of anxious Doubt, by certain Information,
Who was th' unhappy Wretch that boldly dar'd
To steal the Virgin's Image from your Guard.

KING.

Speak on, fair Christian, on our royal Word,
The smallest Hair that shades thy matchless Face
Shall not be hurt ; no, not so much as ruffled.

SOPHRONIA.

A Woman's Life, Great Sir, I hold too mean
To pay me for my Secret ; nor is mine
More in my Estimation than another's.

KING.

Ask then, what thou wilt have, or Wealth or Honours;
Beauty like thine can hardly be deny'd.

SOPHRONIA.

Christians, O King, by holy Lessons taught,
Set not Esteem on what is transitory :
The Riches that we covet are good Works,
Nor seek we Honour from the Breath of Mortals,
But from th' approving Voice of Heav'n and Angels.
Know then, that till you swear you will forgive
The fated Christians, and pour all your Rage
On none but the Offender, whom to you
I will deliver ; Promises nor Threats
Shall tear the Secret from my faithful Breast.

ARGANTES.

Why then, might I presume t' advise your Highness,
Her stubborn Heart shou'd still retain the Secret,
And she shou'd share the Fate of all her Friends.
I trust, this Arm shall do you better Service
Than a whole Troop of lifeless Images.
But if your Majesty is still resolv'd
To know this weighty Matter, try what Racks
(For they are strong Persuasives) can effect
Upon the polish'd Texture of her Limbs.

E

SOPHRQ-

SOPHRONIA.

Know, cruel Lord, that tho' my Limbs betray
A female Tenderness, by Faith enlarg'd,
My Soul is more than Man ; and can unmov'd
Look down on Danger, Racks, and Dissolution.

ORCANO.

If e'er, dread ALADINE, ORCANO's Counsel
Prov'd not ungrateful to your royal Ear,
Let not the fierce ARGANTES' barb'rous Words
Prevail before the Voice of godlike Justice,
Nor stain the Honours of a mighty Prince
With the opprobrious Title of Assassin.
The Christian Maid proposes what is just :
For when th' Offender's known, and in your Pow'r,
Why shou'd the Innocent be made to suffer ?

KING.

It matters not,
Just or unjust, I shall not weigh it now ;
But for your Beauty's Sake I will descend
To your own Terms ; and if you make them good,
By holy Mah'met I swear, my Rage
Shall single out the Wretch that did the Deed,
And ev'ry other Christian shall be safe.

SOPHRONIA.

First let me keel to Heav'n in humble Thanks.

[*Kneels.*

Now let ARGANTES bring his Racks, and Fires,

[*Rises.*

And ev'ry cruel Instrument of Death ;
Or set his bloody Faculties to Work
To find some exquisite, unheard of Torture ;
So cruel, that no Monster but himself
Shall dare the Execution ; he shall see
A willing Victim meet his utmost Rage :
The Wretch who dar'd from impious Hands to snatch
The sacred Image, now avows the Theft.

KING.

OLINDO and SOPHRONIA. 51

KING. [talkest Riddles.
Who?—Where?—What Wretch?—Woman, thou

SOPHRONIA.

To speak more plainly then, know King, 'twas I.

KING. [Pow'r,
Thou!—'tis most false—What? dost thou mock my
And trifle with my Rage?—But have a Care:—
Think not thy Charms (tho' they have found from me
Too great Indulgence) shall preserve thy Life,
When Majesty insulted calls for Vengeance.

SOPHRONIA.

My Life I neither ask nor hope to save:
But still repeat, 'twas I that stole the Image.

KING.

It cannot be, my Lords, the Fears of Death
Have overturn'd her Brain—'tis palpable.
Her tender Soul, well-suited to that soft
Harmonious Frame, in which it is enelos'd,
Has prov'd too weak to stand the sudden Shock.

SOPHRONIA.

Your Highness much mistakes, for Death to me
Is not the King of Terrors, but an Angel
Which shall convey me to those Realms of Joy,
Where never did proud Tyrant enter.

KING.

Ha!

Insulted by a Woman—Now, by Heav'n,
Too certainly thou dost provoke thy Fate,
And can'st not miss that Death thou art so fond of.
But say—who counsel'd—who assisted thee—
To execute this Purpose of thy Soul?

SOPHRONIA.

This Head, O King, was only my Adviser,
And these successful Arms my sole Assistants.
Too much I priz'd the Honour of the Deed,
To suffer any one to share it with me.

E 2

KING.

KING.

Then on that Head shall all my Fury light.
But where hast thou conceal'd the hated Idol ?

SOPHRONIA.

In holy Flames consum'd : The sacred Dust
I scatter'd to the Winds, which on their Wings
Mounted aloft, and mingled with the Clouds,
There only safe from sacrilegious Pow'r.

KING.

Now, by the Prophet's Tomb, thou hast pronounc'd
Sentence against thyself : Within this Hour,
Thy fair deceitful Form by Flames consum'd,
Shall mount in Dust to join the hated Image.
ISMENO, to thy Care (whose prudent Breast,
By Age, and Abstinence, and rev'rend Wisdom,
Has long been steel'd against the Pow'r of Beauty)
We trust the Execution of our Sentence :
And to that End command our Guards to yield
You due Submission.

ISMENO.

I obey your Highness.

Guards, bind the Christian Maid, and bind her fast ;
While some of you prepare the fatal Pile.

Enter OLINDO, hastily.

OLINDO.

Why will you urge my Sword ?—Oppose me not—
For by high Heav'n I will have Entrance—Ha !
SOPHRONIA bound !—Ruffians, let go your Hold —
Or by our holy Faith, your flinty Souls
Shall pay the fatal Price of your Refusal.

[He attacks the Guards, and is disarm'd.

KING.

What daring Insult's this ? and who art thou ?
Thus to intrude upon our royal Presence,

And

And aim at rescuing whom we doom to die ?
Nor is she doom'd by any partial Judgment,
Since in our own Confession, she declares,
That unassisted, unadvis'd, alone
She stole away the Image.

OLINDO.

She, great King!

Believe her not, 'tis all an idle Tale,
Invented to deceive your Highness' Ear;
And robs me of the Glory of an Act
That I alone perform'd.

SOPHRONIA.

Unkind OLINDO !

Say, do my trembling Limbs, or pallid Cheeks,
Betray uncomely Fears ; that thou shou'd'st seek
To snatch the Martyr's Glories from my Head ?
But 'tis in vain ;—'twas I perform'd the Deed,
And I alone shall reap the sacred Honours.

OLINDO.

Alas ! you see she raves—her feeble Arms
(Best fitting the soft Purposes of Love)
Cou'd they find Sinews to uplift a Weight
So massy and so cumbrous as the Image ?
Or whence had she the Sleight, from such a Guard
To bear it off unseen ? Her Pow'r too short
Acquits her of the Fact ; nor can I brook,
That a weak Woman shou'd usurp from me
A Death so glorious, and alone my Due.
But least your Majesty, being once deceiv'd,
Shou'd doubt the Truth of what I now assert,
Know, that within your Temple's spacious Side,
Where the transparent Glass admits the Day,
(By sable Night protected) I found Means
To open wide a Postern, whence with Silence
I from the sleeping Wardens bore the Prize.

E 3

KING.

KING.

Furies and Hell!—these Christians mad my Soul,
 And, not contented with the trait'rous Theft,
 Add Boasts, and Insult too, and talk of Death,
 More as an Object of Desire than Dread.
 (And yet I know not how, but I perceive
 My foolish Heart, in spite of all my Rage,
 Pleads strong to save that haughty lovely Maid :
 But I will conquer it) Insulters, cease [*Aside.*
 Your useless Strife ; since both avow the Fact,
 Ye both shall die.

ARGANTES.

Well has your Highness judg'd.
 There spoke the Voice of Royalty :—We'll see
 If all this boasting Mockery of Death
 Be more than empty Words.

ORCANO.

O Royal Sir !

KING.

Away—I will not hear thee speak a Word :
 Were Angels to descend and plead for Mercy,
 Their Eloquence shou'd not appease my Rage.

OLINDO, *kneeling.*

Behold, Dread Sire, a Suppliant at your Feet,
 Unus'd to kneel, but to the King of Heav'n :
 Nor think by mean Submission I attempt
 To mitigate your Rage ; no, let it burn,
 But let its Flame be all collected here,
 Where only it is just, upon my Head.
 But if the Voice of Justice be too weak
 To plead my Cause, let sov'reign Beauty urge
 Its own resistless Arguments—Behold
 Those Eyes, where ev'ry pow'rful Glance emits
 Ten thousand nameless Graces—View those Cheeks,
 Where Beauty, Sweetness, Innocence conjoin'd,
 Bloom with angelic Charms ; those swelling Orbs
 Form'd

Form'd for the Thrones of Love and chaste Delight ;
The savage Tyger hunting for his Prey,
At Sight of her wou'd lose his native Fierceness,
And fawn—and lick her Feet : And wilt thou then,
Who bear'st a royal Form, be more a Brute ?

KING.

By Heav'n, he's touch'd me on the tend'rest String,
And tun'd my Soul to more than female Softness. [*Aside.*

SOPHRONIA.

O mighty Monarch, on my Knees I beg,
Let not a Madman's Words provoke your Anger,
Or lead your royal Judgment into Error.
His Eyes are wild—his Words and Actions frantic :
'Tis his Distemper dictates all he says.
Ah, punish not Misfortune ! 'tis not Crime.
Here kneels the Object of your just Resentment ;
Then satisfy your Rage alone on me.

KING.

By *Mecca's* Tomb, she pleads for him,—she loves him.
That binds my Resolution fast beyond
The Pow'r of Heav'n and Earth to loose—No more—
Within two Hours ye die—Guards keep 'em safe.
[*Exeunt all but OLINDO, SOPHRONIA, and Guards.*

SOPHRONIA.

Unhappy Man ! your ill-tim'd Passion has
Distress'd my very Soul. What Racks and Flames
But idly threat'ned, your more cruel Love
Has fatally effected. Why, OLINDO,
Cou'd you not let me die alone ? for then
My Soul contemplating on future Joys,
Had bless'd the Pangs that wrought the happy Change :
And all my dying Moments had been smooth'd
With the sweet Thought of having sav'd the Lives
Of all my Fellow Christians, and my Friends.
And, tho' I blush to own it, I confess

56 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA,

The saving of OLINDO's had not been
The smallest of my Consolations.

OLINDO.

Heav'n's!

And can it be—OLINDO's worthless Life
Shou'd be the Object of SOPHRONIA's Care?
Ah no! it cannot be—and as you said,
My Brain is turn'd, and like some Lunatic,
What most my fond Heart wishes, that I dream.
But if indeed my Ears are not deceiv'd,
O bless them once again with those sweet Sounds!
Sweeter than Pardon's Voice, or Angels Songs.

SOPHRONIA.

If to your dying Moments it can add
The least of Comfort, know, I shou'd have died
Without one painful Thought, had you been safe.

OLINDO.

Tho' you already have oblig'd my Soul
Beyond all Measure, still have you the Pow'r
To add to infinite: O kindly say,
If Heav'n had blest us both with longer Life,
And happier Times, you wou'd not have refus'd
To grant my Suit, and crown my hapless Love?

SOPHRONIA.

Why will you thus, OLINDO, press to know
What rising Blushes must forbid to tell,
And what, if told, can profit nothing now.

OLINDO.

O say not so, SOPHRONIA; for if kind,
'Twill kindle in my Breast such joyful Rapture,
So far exceeding all material Fire,
The Flames without will not have Pow'r to hurt me.

SOPHRONIA.

Since but two Hours remain on this Side Death,
Why shou'd I check the Motions of my Soul?
Yes, gen'rous Youth, since for my Sake you share
The

OLINDO and SOPHRONIA. 57

The Bitterness of Death ; had Heav'n so will'd,
I cou'd have shar'd with you the Sweets of Life.

OLINDO.

Permit me, my SOPHRONIA, on my Knees,
To look my Thanks ;—for oh, the mighty Rapture
Speaks in my Eyes, but falters on my Tongue.
Two Hours the Tyrant said :—well, let it be—
Two Hours of Joy like this is worth a Life.
Then welcome Death,--these two blest Hours shall be
A Foretaste of hereafter ; as a Motto
To the bright Volume of eternal Joys.

Enter ISMENO.

ISMENO.

Captain, I bear Commandment from the King,
To part your Pris'ners ; take OLINDO hence,
Until the Pile be ready, and with me
Leave you the fair SOPHRONIA.

OFFICER.

I obey.

You hear my Orders, Sir, be pleas'd to follow.

OLINDO.

Till now, O Tyrant, I ne'er knew thy Pow'r ;
But I perceive my Happiness was such,
That only to enjoy it two short Hours,
Had been too much of Bliss on this Side Heav'n.
But, O SOPHRONIA, tho' by brutal Force
They drag my lifeless Body hence ; my Soul
Shall rather part with that, than you.

OFFICER.

Why, Sir,

Will you constrain us to make Use of Force ?
Soldiers, compel the Pris'nēr.

*[The Soldiers offer to seize him ; he snatches one of
their Swords, and drives them from him.]*

OLINDO.

58 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

OLINDO.

Villains—fly :

Nor tempt the desp'rate Fury of my Arm.
Go, tell the Tyrant, I oppose not Death ;
But for the few short Moments that remain,
No Pow'r on Earth shall part me from SOPHRONIA.

ISMENO.

What ! Dastards, do you fear a single Arm ?
I say, disarm the Pris'ner, and remove him.

*[They fight for a considerable Time, when at length
OLINDO falls.]*

OLINDO.

Alive we shall not part ;—farewel, SOPHRONIA ;
I trust we soon shall meet beyond the Stars.

ISMENO.

He is not wounded much ; he does but faint [him,
Through Rage and Loss of Blood : the Fire will wake

SOPHRONIA.

O he is dead !—Stand off, ye cruel Monsters ;
Bears, Wolves, and Lions, if compar'd to you,
Are kind and soft as tender hearted Virgins.
O let me bathe his Body with my Tears ;
And if his fleeting Soul is not yet fled
Beyond Recal—

ISMENO.

Soldiers regard her not ;
Force her away, and drag your Pris'ner hence.

SOPHRONIA.

Yes, tear me—stab me—strike me to the Earth
A Corpse like him,—and I will call you kind ;
But let me die with him,—for I will cling
As long as Life remains ;—which is not long.
Now, now, I feel, OLINDO, I am coming.

*[She faints, and the Soldiers part them, and carry
off OLINDO.]*

ISMENO.

ISMENO.

Ha ! I have been too rough : Help, ho ! within,

Enter the KING, and Attendants.

KING.

What means this Cry ? 'Tis ev'n as I thought ;
Fool that I was, to put her in the Hands
Of one who has so long convers'd with Hell,
That he's already more than half a Fiend.

[To his Attendants,

Go bear her gently in, and lay her down :
With life-restoring Cordials bring her back ;
And when she wakes, add Words of healing Comfort.
Say, if she's wise, that all may yet be well.

[They bear her in,

So Wizard ! you have quitted well your Office :
That when I sent you on a gracious Message,
With gentle Offers of our Love and Pardon,
You have with cruel Usage and fierce Menace,
Frighted her Soul from out its lovely Mansion.

ISMENO.

Most gracious Sov'reign, grant me patient Hearing.
I had not yet the Opportunity
To speak the gentle Purport of my coming.
When first I enter'd in, I found the Youth,
Regardless of his Fate, upon his Knees
Worrying her Hand with all the eager Joy
Of happy Love ; whereon I gave Command,
In strict Obedience to your Highness' Order,
They shou'd be parted—O cou'd you have seen
How then they look'd ; pale, motionless, aghast,
With Fronts of Horror, like the fabled Gorgon,
Silent they stood awhile, and trembled ;—each
Look'd at each, as if some vast Concussion
Had shook Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and overwhelm'd
In

60 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

In one prodigious Ruin, all around them.
At length the Youth (rouz'd by th' approaching Guard)
With eyes that seem'd to menace more than Death,
Turn'd him, and snatch'd a Weapon from the foremost;
Which with such desp'rate Brav'ry he maintain'd,
That long he kept his Ground against them all:
Till worn with Rage, and plenteous Loss of Blood,
(From Wounds but slight) he fell into a Swoon.
I bid 'em bear him off:—On which the Maid,
Judging him dead, hung on him, till at length
With Love and Rage her Spirits were exhausted,
And fainting, down she sunk, where you beheld her.

KING.

Ah, were they then so fond? Well, be it so.
I have another Bait to tempt her with,
Her Lover's Life; 'twas all that she desir'd.
Rather than lose the Object of my Wishes,
I'll sacrifice Resentment to my Love;
But not till ev'ry other Means are try'd:
No, that shall be my last Resource. ISMENO,
Go in, and see that she is kindly us'd,
And when she is restor'd, our Self will be
The best Explainer of our own Intentions.

ISMENO.

I go, dread Sire.

[Exit. ISMENO.]

KING.

What Contradictions meet
Within the Breast of that strange Riddle, Man?
For is't not strange, that in this little World
As in the great, -so many rival Pow'rs
Contend for Sway: Each Passion in its Turn
Mimicks the Tyrant. Now fond Love
Possesses all the Mind, and fills the Breast
With tender Hopes, Complacency, and Joy,
In its soft down smoth'ring each rougher Thought.
Again, up starts the fiery Passion, Rage,

And rends the Soul with Whirlwinds, Storms and Fury.
 True, this is strange ; but is't not far more strange,
 That these two Lusts, so opposite in Nature,
 Shou'd at one Time reign in the self-same Heart,
 And in the self-same Object both be fix'd ?
 I feel 'em both at once : I love, and hate,
 Burn to destroy, yet languish to possess
 This dear, provoking, fair, audacious Traitress.

So when the angry Clouds, surcharg'd with Rain,
 Pour furious Torrents o'er the smoaking Plain,
Jove's forky Bolts display their subtle Gleams,
 And Fire, and Water, mix their adverse Streams.

End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT



A C T V.

SCENE I. SOPHRONIA; ISMENO, *and*
Attendants.

ISMENO.

TAKE Comfort, Madam, you have been too
Else thou'd you not have had a Cause to tax
My Usage with Unkindness.

SOPHRONIA.

Yes, I own

I've been in Fault;—pardon me, gracious Heav'n,
Indeed I ought not to have been impatient.
I know thy Ways are always just and equal,
And when with forest Stripes thou dost afflict
Weak erring Man, thy Love directs the Rod.
But tell me, Friend, for I am now compos'd,
Does the unhappy Youth still suffer Life?

ISMENO.

He is recover'd.

SOPHRONIA.

I rejoice not at it.

Reason anew resumes its wonted Strength,
Which was before, O Shame! too near exhausted.
Too much to feeble Nature has been given;
But Passion now has had sufficient Vent.
'Tis all subided,—the Delusion's o'er,—

I view

OLINDO and SOPHRONIA. 63

I view the World in a far diff'rent Light,
And can perceive, that what I dreaded as
The worst of Ills, had been the best of Blessings.
Had he been dead, he had no more to suffer ;
But his pure Soul had in the Gates of Bliss
Waited for mine ; however, Heaven's Will be done.
For me, I am prepar'd ;—why is my Fate
So long delay'd ?

ISMENO.

Madam, if I have Skill,
Far from you is the Fate you're threat'ned with.

SOPHRONIA.

If thou hast Skill !—Vain Man, I pity thee.
Better to know too little than too much.
Thrice happy Ign'rant in thy clay-form'd Cot,
With Innocence adorn'd, how blest art thou ?
Wholesome thy Food—kind Nature's genuine Fruits,
By Hunger sweeten'd—undisturb'd thy Rest—
Making thy Bed of Straw, softer than Down—
Pleas'd, and content, thy happy Days glide on,
By Health made chearful, by Employment short ;
Thou dost not waste thy Time, and Strength and Ease,
In the mistaken Search of useless Knowledge :
Nor dost thou seek by hellish Arts to know
What Heav'n in Mercy has from Man conceal'd :
Yet thou, untaught, art wiser than the Learn'd,
For they but seek Content, which thou enjoy'st.

ISMENO.

O Truth, how irresistible thy Shafts !
I meant to give you Comfort, Lady, but
Perhaps another may have more Success. [Exit.

SOPHRONIA.

How kind is Heav'n to Mortals in Distress !
O Skill divine ! to make sharp-pointed Grief
An Instrument of Comfort—while my Woes,
Too strong to bear, banish'd the Sense of Pain,
Bright

64 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Bright heav'nly Visions cheer'd my gloomy Soul,
 And smooth'd my ruff'd Passions to a Calm.
 Methought, a shining Form aside me stood,
 Whose Count'nance spake Sweetness ineffable;
 And in benigne Accents thus address'd me ;
 " Fear not, SOPHRONIA, hold thy Virtue fast :
 " If great the Conflict, greater thy Reward ;
 " If wise and patient, thou shalt shortly prove
 " An happy Change, from Death to Life and Love."

Enter the KING.

What can this mean ? The King, and unattended !

KING.

Leave me alone.

[*To the Attendants.*

Well, Madam, I am come
 To see if still your Sentiments remain
 Unchang'd by cool Reflexion, and if Death
 On nearer View, still wears that smiling Aspect
 Your Fancy drew him with.

SOPHRONIA.

It ill becomes
 The Majesty of Kings to stoop to insult.
 Yet, know that e'er I enter'd on this Action,
 In the impartial Scale of Truth I weigh'd
 Th' Events of Life and Death ; when on the Poise
 I found that Death as far exceeded Life,
 As the rough Diamond, Bits of shining Glafs.
 The precious Jewel hides its peerless Lustre
 In a coarse rugged Coat, with Pain remov'd,
 But well rewarding all the Pain it gives ;
 While the smooth glitt'ring Mimic only strikes
 The vulgar Eye, and charms with worthless Beauty.
 Nor was I partial ; for upon the Side
 Of happiest Life, Beauty and Youth I plac'd, [Riches,
 Girded with Strength, and Health, and bless'd with
 Nay

[Virtue :

Nay more, with Fame, and Friends, - and conscious
 But ah ! the Slave of froward Nature still,
 Still drawn by strong Temptations, urg'd by Passions
 To num'rous Follies, pois'ning all its Joys
 With sharp Remorse and slavish Penitence :
 Then in the adverse Scale grim Death I cast,
 And in his Train, Groans, Shrieks, and cruel Tortures;
 But bearing in his Hand the Key of Heav'n,
 Op'ning that Door, where Pain can never enter,
 Passions delude, or Folly cause Remorse ;
 Where Perj'ry, Fraud, and bold tyrannic Pow'r,
 No more shall vex the happy Sons of Virtue,
 But all their former Suff'rings shall be paid
 With Peace, and Love and Joys unutterable.

KING.

Then Life, it seems, thou'ld'st not worth Acceptance,
 And should our royal Bounty condescend
 To lay it at your Feet, would'st spurn it from thee.

SOPHRONIA.

Not so, great King : tho' Life is not the Prize
 Christians contend for, still they know its Value,
 And how, by rightly using, to improve it
 To all the Purposes for which 'twas given,
 To gain a better far in blest Reversion.
 'Tis therefore not to be despis'd, but held
 Till Nature or till Virtue bid us quit it.

KING.

Then, fair one, know, if you esteem it ought,
 There is a Way, and but one Way, to shun
 The Fate to which you have been doom'd ; and that
 Safe to your Friends, and happy to yourself.
 But if perversely you refuse the Means,
 And slight our offer'd Grace, yourself will be
 Alone the Author of your own Misfortunes.

F

SOPHRO-

66 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

SOPHRONIA.

Far be it from SOPHRONIA, royal Sir,
To be unthankful for such gracious Offers.
Yes, on my Knees I will accept the Terms,
And pray to Heav'n for Blessings on your Head;
Let them be such as will secure my Friends,
And not injurious to a Christian's Faith.

KING.

But think not in the Number of your Friends,
That I include that rash presumptuous Youth,
Whose Insolence Death only can atone.

SOPHRONIA.

Let not my Sov'reign call it Insolence,
The Fault was Love's alone; and surely that
May for his Rashness some Indulgence claim.

KING.

It may from you—but from a Rival's Hand
It merits nought but Vengeance, Flames and Death.

SOPHRONIA.

You Highness speaks a Language so mysterious,
I am not able to conceive its Meaning.

KING.

I will explain it then: Bright Maid, I love thee.
(Tho' for that Love, I justly hate myself,
Yet spite of me I love); and if thou'lt yield [*Aside.*
Those strange bewitching Beauties to my Arms,
I'll give thee Life, and to that Life I'll add
Whatever Power can give to make it happy.

SOPHRONIA.

Nay, then, OLINDO, thou'rt lost indeed:
But tho' I cannot save thy precious Life,
'Twill give me Joy to join with thee in Death.

KING.

Talk not of Death, I swear, thou shalt not die.
O do but bless me with that Heav'n of Beauty,

And

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 67

And thou shalt never know a future Pang.
 Eternal Pleasures shall surround thy Charms,
 Dance in thy Sight, and wait upon thy Steps :
 A thousand Slaves obsequious to thy Will
 Shall watch thy Nod, and fly at thy Command ;
 So great shall be thy Splendor, thou shalt shine
 The Envy of all Daughters of the East,
 Thy Palaces and Gardens shall excel
 Whatever lying Fame has yet describ'd.
 So great, so many, and so rich shall be
 The Tokens of my Love ; that when hereafter
 Some lavish Poet has, in fancy'd Lays,
 Describ'd a gen'rous Lover, he shall say
 To sum up all,—He lov'd like ALADINE.

SOPHRONIA.

Say, Monarch, can the mighty Gifts thou offer'st
 Silence the Voice of Censure ? Will not Men,
 Who see me deck'd in all the Pomp of Guilt,
 Say, This is she, who to a glorious Death
 Preferr'd an abject Life of wretched Grandeur.

KING.

Now, by the Prophet's Soul, shou'd any Tongue
 But dare to stir against thy sacred Fame,
 It shou'd be pluck'd by th' Roots,—nay, cou'd I know
 That any Heart did but conceive a Thought
 To thy Dishonour,—it shou'd never live
 To send it to the Tongue.

SOPHRONIA.

Within this Breast

That rebel Heart resides, that will not fear
 Thy mighty Threats, nor heed thy offer'd Bribes ;
 That rebel Heart that holds in equal Scorn
 Thy lawless Passion, and thy lawless Power.
 Before SOPHRONIA's Soul wou'd bear the Taint
 Of foul Dishonour,—with these feeble Hands
 She'd rend,—deface,—and quench in her own Blood,

68 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Those hated Charms that kindled guilty Flames.
 Know, Tyrant, all the Tortures thou cou'd'st frame,
 Had been but harmless Play, an Infant's Sport,
 Compar'd to this base Insult thou hast offer'd.
 Yet, if within thy barb'rous Breast remain
 One Spark of Pity, O indulge it now,
 Send me to Death, and I will thank thy Kindness.

KING.

No, fair perverse one, since I am that Tyrant,
 I'll torture thee with Life ; too plain I see
 Thro' all the Cause of this affected Rage,
 And will remove it soon : Before your Eyes
 The favour'd Youth shall die ; and after that
 I will by Force possess what thou deniest
 To gentle Love and generous Intreaties.

SOPHRONIA.

Thou can'st not dare to be so black a Devil ;
 And at a Time when Fate hangs over thee.
 But if thou shou'd'st, it is not in thy Power :
 Heav'n sees, and will prevent thy horrid Purpose.

KING.

Thou may'st thyself prevent it, if thou wilt ;
 Be timely wise, and yield to my Desires.
 'Tis fix'd, the Youth must die for his Presumption.
 But mark me well—the Manner of his Fate
 Depends on thee—if wisely thou comply'st,
 A gentle Death awaits him ; but if not,
 I will revenge on him, thy Scorn of me.

SOPHRONIA.

Tho' ev'ry Pang th' unhappy Youth must feel
 Shall in my Breast be doubled,—yet I swear
 If in my Sight you rack his tender Limbs,
 Break Joint by Joint—and with the Rage of Hell
 Deny him long the Privilege of Death ;
 Yet will I stand, and pierce thy guilty Soul
 With Looks of sov'reign Scorn—whilst ev'ry Glance
 Shot

Shot from the Eyes of injur'd Innocence,
All callous as thou art, shall sting thy Breast
With all the poignant Tortures of the Damn'd.

KING.

Since Threats are vain, I'll try my last Resource.

[*Aside.*]

Pardon me, lovely Maid, I did but mean
To try how dear to thee the happy Youth;
That if I found his Death wou'd give thee Pain,
I might reward thy Kindness with his Life.
Trust me, my angry Fair, I wou'd as soon
Leap into Flames, or plant my Breast with Darts,
Or yield myself a Slave to hated GODFREY,
As do an Act to wound thy Heart with Grief.
O do but yield thee to my fond Request,
And thy Compliance shall be richly paid
With ev'ry Pleasure that thy Heart can wish:
I will embrace thy Friends as they were mine;
Nay, such shall be my generous Affection,
That I will hold my Rival in Esteem.
Then cease your cruel Scorn, and crown my Love.

SOPHRONIA.

Heav'n only knows, how much my Soul desires
The Safety of my Friends, nor cou'd thy Wit
Have us'd a more prevailing Argument.
But, Tyrant, know, thy boasted Pow'r can reach
No farther than the Grave; in Spite of thee
There shall OLINDO's mortal Part have Rest;
Whilst his immortal Soul shall from the Skies,
With that blest Disposition thou ne'er felt'st,
Look down and pity thee. But shou'd I yield
My Body to thy most abhorred Purpose,
Then thou might'st boast, thou hadst destroy'd a Soul.

KING.

Mistaken, Maid, thy Faith is too severe:
'Tis not so great a Crime to yield to Love.

F 3

Reject

Reject the rigid Yoke of Christian Bondage,
 And let our holy Prophet be thy Guide:
 So shall thy Mind be free from idle Fears,
 And Love and Innocence be reconcil'd.

SOPHRONIA.

Deluded Prince—thy poor inglorious Aim
 Rises no higher than the abject Brutes;
 To gratify the Taste,—to please the Eye,—
 T' indulge the Senses in their utmost Lust,—
 Is all thy present Wish, and future Hope.
 Not so the Christian:—Fir'd with nobler Views,
 His wide expanded Mind can reap Delights
 Thou can'st not comprehend:—His Soul can taste
 The pious Extasies of Love divine;—
 His Eye be pleas'd, with viewing others Bliss,
 And all his Pow'rs delightfully employ'd
 In ev'ry Act of kind Humanity.
 His present Faith, and future Hope is crown'd
 With the bless'd Prospect of his Maker's Presence.
 How weak must be that Wretch that wou'd exchange
 A Faith so good,—so pure,—so full of Glory,—
 To trust the sensual Dreams of an Impostor?

KING.

O'ercome with Rage, thy Reason is subdu'd:
 But tho' thy impious Words do justly merit
 That I shou'd henceforth leave thee to thy Fate,
 Yet is my Love so loth that thou shou'd'st suffer,
 That I will try thee yet a little further;
 And give thee Time to cool, and to thy Aid
 Will send the Youth whose Fate depends on thine.
 This last Indulgence of my gen'rous Flame
 See thou abuse not,—lest it prove too late,
 That to fierce Love succeeds the fiercest Hate. [*Exit.*]

SOPHRONIA.

Is this the happy Change the Vision mean'd?
 A Change indeed, from Death to Life and Love—

A Life

OLINDO and SOPHRONIA. 71

A Life of Infamy !—a Tyrant's Lust !—
 Delusive Dream, by magic Art procur'd
 To lead my Steps astray from Virtue's Paths.
 How welcome art thou Death,—to me thou wear'st
 An Angel's Form,—array'd in purest Robes
 Of spotless Chastity ;—thy friendly Terrors
 Are my most sure Defence,—and when compar'd
 To those of Life, have nought that can dismay.
 O take me,—shield me,—Virtue's truest Friend,
 And waft me to the Realms of endless Rest !

Enter OLINDO, and runs to embrace SOPHRONIA.

OLINDO.

Once more, my Fair, 'tis giv'n me to taste
 Of Extasy on this Side Paradise.
 O that my Soul cou'd o'erleap its Bounds,
 And dwell within thy Breast !—I wou'd enjoy
 A closer Union than e'er Lover knew.
 But, tell me, my SOPHRONIA, for as yet
 I cannot guess, whence came this happy Change ?
 The King himself commanded me to see thee ;
 Nay more, he said, if I improv'd the Favour
 As he cou'd wish, we both might yet be happy.
 Is there an Act a Mortal can perform
 I wou'd not do for my SOPHRONIA's Sake ?

SOPHRONIA.

There is an Act, OLINDO, which, I judge,
 Thou wilt not do, to save SOPHRONIA's Life.

OLINDO.

By Heav'n, it cannot be. —Were it to leap
 From *Atlas'* Top, into the foaming Surge,
 Which madly beats against its rocky Foot,
 I wou'd rejoice to do it.

SOPHRONIA.

I believe it ;
 Nor did I doubt the Zeal of thy Affection :

72 *OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.*

But wou'd'st thou (to preserve a shameful Life)
Persuade me to give up my spotless Honour,
Renounce our holy Faith, and yield myself
The Object of a hated Tyrant's Lust ;
Tho' by my foul Disgrace thou shou'd'st procure
The Privilege of Life and royal Favour.

OLINDO.

He cou'd not surely think so meanly of thee ! —
Now, my SOPHRONIA, ev'n to thy Death
My Soul is reconcil'd,—so I but share;
The happy Portion with thee :—Thus to die
I wou'd not change for happiest Life without thee.
But see, here comes some Message from the King,
Nor shou'd it be an ill one by the Bearer ;
Whose Silver Hairs, and rev'rend Looks, command
Filial Respect, and whose good Counsels ever
Softened the Tyrant into Acts of Justice.

Enter ORCANO.

ORCANO.

Unhappy Pair, tho' in your Sight I stand
A Messenger unwelcome ; yet believe me
Your Grievs hang heavy on my aged Heart,
And almost weigh it down —Soon as I saw
Thee, hapless Youth, a strange Emotion seiz'd
My agitated Blood, and from that Moment
Thy Safety has employ'd my anxious Thought ;
But all, I fear, in vain ; tho' from the King
I come, to urge thee to accept of Life,
With Pow'r to promise all thou canst desire,
So thou but bring SOPHRONIA to his Wish.
This is my Errand : but if you refuse,
He bids you both consider how you'll bear
To hear each other's Shrieks, heart-rending Groans,
And bitter ineffectual Lamentations,
And by Compliance to prevent these Horrors.

OLINDO.

OLINDO.

O Rev'rend Father, thou hast rais'd indeed
 A Tempest in my Breast: But tho' the Thought
 Is past Description horrible; yet never,—
 O never, shall OLINDO's coward Tongue
 Persuade SOPHRONIA on such guilty Terms
 To save two wretched Lives; no,—let us die
 If such the Tyrant's Will,—but we'll preserve
 Honour unstain'd, and Love inviolate,
 And our pure Faith unchang'd:—The Pow'r we serve
 Can soften all our Suff'rings, and reward them.

SOPHRONIA.

O noble Youth! thy Virtues justly claim
 A bright Reward; so much I honour them,
 That cou'd ought make me wish for longer Life,
 'Twou'd be, that I might share that Life with thee.

ORCANO.

Illustrious Pair, for your ill-fated Loves,
 Greatly deserving of an happier Fate,
 Behold these Tears roll down my furrow'd Cheeks.
 To see consummate Virtue in Distress
 Shou'd soften Flints, and make hard Marble weep.
 Pardon, unhappy Youth, a poor old Man—
 Who feels for thee the Dotage of a Parent,—
 If in the Fulness of my Heart I ask
 Some tender Questions, that shou'd give thee Pain.

OLINDO.

I know not why—but my fond Ears rejoice
 To hear thee talk; and while thou soothest me,
 With tender Pity,—I forget the Cause.
 Whate'er it is, which thou desir'st to know,
 Most freely ask.

ORCANO.

Then tell me, noble Youth,
 Hast thou a Father living? If thou hast—

I

How

How inexpressible must be his Woe !

OLINDO.

That Blessing Heav'n has long depriv'd me of,
Nor was the best of Mothers long indulg'd me.
My Father, who was born and liv'd at *Antioch*,
Determin'd on a Change of Situation
To shun fierce Persecution; for which End,
As all his little Family and Treasure
Were travelling along, the Caravan
Was set upon by Ruffians; in the Fight
My Father fell. A Troop of *Saracens*
Dispers'd the Villains; and the Caravan
Pursu'd its Journey to the nearest Town:
From whence my Mother, overcome with Grief,
Never remov'd, but to her peaceful Grave.
But tho' no tender Parents mourn my Fate,
I have a Sister, who—

ORCANO.

Good Heav'n support me,—
O my Son, my Son !—I cannot—cannot speak.

OLINDO.

[NIA.

What means the good old Man? Help, my SOPHRO—
Was ever tender Heart so full of Pity?

SOPHRONIA.

His Griefs for us have sunk him to the Earth.

OLINDO.

How dost thou now, most kind and gracious Father ?

ORCANO.

O let me press thee in my feeble Arms—
I am *indeed* thy kind and tender Father—
And thou *indeed*—my lov'd—but long lost Son.

OLINDO.

O bounteous Heav'n !—am I so blest to find
In this most venerable godlike Man
A living Father ?—how are all my Woes

Inmix'd

Inmix'd with Blessings ! Let me, with my Knees
Rooted to Earth, gaze on thy rev'rend Face,
And crave a thousand Blessings from thy Lips ;
And let them half be pour'd on my SOPHRONIA.

ORCANO.

May ev'ry Blessing Heav'n reserves to crown
The Sufferer for Virtue 'light on thee,
And on that Mirror of created Excellence,
The fair—the chaste—the virtuous SOPHRONIA.

SOPHRONIA.

SOPHRONIA, Rev'rend Father, on her Knees
Returns her Thanks, and wishes to deserve
The Praises thou so kindly hast bestow'd.
To have my Deeds applauded by good Men
Is (next to Heav'n) what most I wou'd desire.

OLINDO.

Tell me, my Father,—by what wondrous Means
Thou wert preserv'd,—and how thou cam'st to be,
Altho' a Christian, yet so high in Pow'r
And Favour with the King ?—O satisfy
Th' impatient Cravings of my hungry Soul.

ORCANO.

The Tale, my Son, is long, but thou shalt know
Enough to give thee ample Satisfaction.
The Troop of *Saracens* which thou hast mention'd
Belong'd to ALADINE. They took me up
Cover'd with Wounds, and scarce retaining Life.
Six Months elaps'd, (my Head being deeply hurt)
Before my perfect Senses were recover'd ;
As many more before my Wounds were heal'd :
Nor dar'd I own my Name, or my Religion,
Well knowing if I did I must give up
My precious Freedom, and more precious Hopes
Of joining once again, the dearest, best,
And loveliest of Women, and of seeing

My

76 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

My much-lov'd Children. Soon as I recover'd,
The Officer, to whose Humanity
I ow'd my Life, presented me t' his Master,
Who, for some Liking he conceiv'd to me,
Was pleas'd ere long to give me a Command,
In which Success attended all my Actions.
Meanwhile I caus'd all *Asia* to be search'd
To find my Heart's sole Treasure, but in vain;
'Till now I ne'er heard Tiding of her Fate.
At length, by Virtue of a Stratagem
By me contriv'd, this City we recover'd, [Years
Of which, thou know'st, the *Turks* had been eight
The Masters. This Counsel 'twas that gain'd me
The Confidence that I have long enjoy'd,
And ever us'd to serve my fellow Christians.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My Lord, the King impatient for an Answer,
Commanded me to hasten your Return.

ORCANO.

His Majesty shall soon be satisfied.

[*Exit.* MESSENGER.]

O cruel Fate—O Day of deep Distress!—
Lost in the Labyrinth of fond Surprise,
I had forgot thou wert consign'd to Death.
Can it be just, good Heav'n,—to torture thus
A poor old Man—tort'ring upon the Verge
Of Life—worn out with Sorrows and Afflictions;
This Moment to discover to my View
An only Son—long lost—and much lov'd,—
Arriv'd at such a glorious Height of Virtue;
And in the next—by an untimely Death—
To snatch him from my Sight,—and burst my Heart?
But I will die with thee:—For tho' I know
The King is cruel,—prone to fierce Revenge,

And

77 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

And deaf to gentle Pity,—yet I'll go,
Tell him my woful Story—and obtain
Or your free Pardon,—or the Privilege
Of being join'd in the same fatal Sentence.

OLINDO.

O do not so, my Father,—I conjure thee ;
For on thy Life depends the Christians' Safety.
In vain our Death shall save them from the Sentence
Of curst ISMENO, if by thy Discov'ry
The King, enrag'd anew, resolve their Ruin.
Besides—thou hast a Daughter young and fair,
In whom her Mother's Charms are all reviv'd,
Blooming and sweet as Flowrets in their Pride,
And innocent as EVE, before she saw
The tempting Serpent ; wilt thou not preserve
A Life of such Importance to her Welfare ?
And she shall comfort thee in all thy Sorrows.

ORCANO.

Did ever Virtue soar so high a Pitch ?
And then to lose thee,—Oh ! I cannot bear it.
And yet thy tender Arguments are such,
As pull my Heart-Strings—yes, my lovely Daughter,
I will give thee Proof of strong Affection ;—
I will live for thee :—but do not doubt, my Son,
What Words—or more prevailing Eloquence
Of Tears, can do—thy Father will endeavour
To melt the Tyrant's Heart—and who can tell
But Heav'n may for exalted Virtue's Sake,
Display a Miracle, and teach him Pity ?

OLINDO.

There is a Favour in thy Pow'r to gain,
Which I wou'd fain enjoy,—the Privilege
To see my Friends, and take a last Adieu.

ORCANO.

For that my Int'rest with the Guard will do ;
But on my Heart I feel a sudden Ray

Of

78 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Of cheerful Comfort dawn, and Hope still lives,
That I shall soon return with welcome News.
Farewel, bright Saint,—thou mortal Excellence.—
Farewel, my Son.—O let me clasp thee close ;—
What Joy 'twou'd be to yield my vital Breath
Within thy Arms !—Farewel !—Farewel, my Son.

OLINDO.

Farewel,—thou best of Fathers,—O ! Farewel.

[*Exit.* ORCANO.]

Now, my SOPHRONIA, I can part with Life
Without Regret, since I shall leave my Sister
So amply comforted ; my Fellow Christians
Restor'd to Safety, and my Friend ARISTO
Sure in successful Love to sooth his Grievs.
And trust me, lovely Maid, next to the Joy
Of sharing Life with thee, I wou'd prefer
To take our Flight together to the Skies,
Where our pure Souls may ever live united
In the blest Harmony of sacred Friendship,
Free from the Dread of any future Parting.

SOPHRONIA.

Believe me, my OLINDO, in that Hope
My Soul rejoices ;—who'd not chuse to bear
A few short Moments of corporeal Pain,
Never to suffer more ;—rather than drag
A Life of Guilt, Dishonour, and Remorse ?

Enter ARISTO *and* AMANTIA.

AMANTIA.

O, my OLINDO,—Father,—Brother,—Friend ;—
All that can merit Duty, Love, Esteem ;
Words cannot tell,—nor gushing Tears express
The racking Anguish of my tortur'd Heart.
Ah, whither shall this wretched Orphan fly ?
All solitary on the Earth, when once

Of

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 79

Of thee bereft ;—all that of gentle Kindred
By Heav'n was left me :—and, O dreadful Thought!—
At what a Time?—In what a savage Place?—
Where Persecution rages :—where a Tyrant
Reigns over cruel Sons of Blood and Rapine,
And adds Command to barb'rous Disposition.
Yet this—and more,—beneath thy shelt'ring Wing,
I had not felt,—secure in thy Affection;—
By thee sustain'd,—I cou'd have been content—
Tho' driv'n from sweet Society,—to range
In unfrequented Woods,—to feed on Mast,—
And in some dreary Cavern make my Bed—
Amid the Howlings of the savage Herds.

OLINDO.

Be patient, gentle Sister;—Heav'n has wrought
A Miracle to comfort thee, and rais'd thee
A nearer and a dearer Friend than me.
Soon shall thy Arms embrace a real Father,
Able to shield thy Virtue, and reward
The pious Gratitude thou shew'ft to me.

AMANTIA.

The Artifice is kind, to try to lull
My Griefs with such fond Hopes,—but I discern it.
O mock me not with Hopes of Friends and Comfort;
When thou art gone,—Friendship and Comforts cease
These Eyes shall ever flow with scalding Tears—
These Lips shall weary Heav'n with their Complaints,
Till the great Father of unbounded Pity
Shall end my Life and Sorrow both at once.

ARISTO.

Dread Heav'n, whose Ways, tho' far above our Sight,
Are infinitely wise, and just and good ;
Enable me, for this bright Mourner's Sake,
To bear with Constancy this bitter Conflict !
My Sister,—and my Friend,—O ! ye were all

Besides

80 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Besides AMANTIA, that my Soul held dear;
Each Day your op'ning Merits charm'd my Eyes,
Ye still grew dearer to me than the last;
'Till ye were knitted so in my Affection,
That my best Part of Life was wrapt in your's.

Enter an OFFICER, and Guards.

OFFICER.

Unhappy Pair, I bear unwelcome News,
And grieve to tell them; but the King's Command
Is, that I lead you both without Delay
To instant Execution: tho' ORCANO
With all the melting Eloquence of Tears
Sued for your Pardon; but alas! in vain:
The King remain'd unmov'd.—Wou'd it had been
Another's Lot to do this hateful Office.

SOPHRONIA.

Your gen'rous Pity, Sir, deserves our Thanks;
Nor will we long retard you in your Duty.
[Turning to her Friends.

'The sharpest Arrow in the Hand of Death
Is Separation from our dearest Friends:
Then cease to weep the Rigour of our Fate,
Nor heed the momentary Pains we suffer;
Since they shall be unequally repaid
With Glory's joyful never-fading Crown.

[To AMANTIA.]

My lovely Friend—once more within these Arms
Let me embrace thee ;---oft have we thus been
In sweet affectionate Embraces join'd;
But now to join no more ;---farewel- long live---
And with thy matchless Beauties blest ARISTO.

[To ARISTO.]

My much-lov'd Brother---dearer to my Heart,
By free Esteem, than the strong Ties of Nature,
Fare-

Farewel;—comfort our aged Parents, and commend
This my last Act of Duty to them :—Strive
To sooth their Sorrows, and restrain thy own.

OFFICER.

The King's Commands were urgent to be quick.

OLINDO.

A Moment's Patience, Sir, and we attend you.

[*To ARISTO.*]

My long lov'd Friend—lament not for my Death —
Glorious the Cause—and full of Joy my Hopes ;
I go to taste my dear SOPHRONIA's Love,
When heighten'd to angelic :—Let me press
Thy social Breast, and take a last Adieu.

[*To AMANTIA.*]

Thou dearest—loveliest—kindest—best of Sisters,
In this last Kiss once more we'll mingle Souls.
The last Request thy dying Brother asks,
Is shortly to reward ARISTO's Love.
I feign'd not when I promis'd thee a Father ;
Quit not this Place, and thou shall shortly see
What Comfort pitying Heav'n shall send. Farewel—
Till we shall meet again in happier Mansions.

[*Exeunt OFFICER and Guards, carrying off
OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.*]

AMANTIA.

Ha ! are they gone already—ere my Tongue,
Kept down by rising Sobs, could gain her Freedom ?
O they are lost for ever from my Sight—
And I shall never—never—see them more.
Burst, my swoln Heart—or stop my Breath, ye Sighs—
In Pity take me from a World of Woe—
Where Vice enjoys the Privilege of Virtue,
And Virtue suffers Sorrow—Shame—and Death.

ARISTO.

How shall I comfort thee, thou lovely Mourner,
When the same Weapon strikes thro' both our Hearts?

G

Yet

82 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA.

Yet let us call Religion to our Aid,
Whose healing Balm can sooth the sharpest Griefs,
Or teach us how to bear them with Advantage.

AMANTIA, *looking wildly.*

Hark, how they crack!--See how the harmless Lambs
Lie smiling on the Pile—as they but wish'd
Their Arms at Liberty—that they might join
In soft Embraces to encounter Death.
Now--now--the Flames ascend--hark how they shriek.
The very Saracens are mov'd to Pity:
See!--ev'n the bloody Tyrant's fiery Eyes,
'Tho' made of burning Flints, are melted down.

ARISTO.

O Grief on Grief—unutterable Grief!
Her noble Senses are dissolv'd by Sorrow.

AMANTIA.

See!--their unspotted Souls, like milk-white Doves,
Now quit the Flames, and mount aloft together.
O leave me not behind—ye lovely Pair!
Where are your Wings, ARISTO—let us follow—
I know they'll rest on the first shining Star,
'Till we can rise and join them.

ARISTO.

This is worse
Than Death itself—Have Mercy, gracious Heav'n,
Restore her Senses, or take mine away.

AMANTIA.

Ha!--they are out of Sight—the envious Clouds
Have hid them from us—Well—I'll tell thee what—
We'll sit us down beneath this Cypress Shade—
And thou shalt cut a Channel in the Ground,
And we will weep into it—till it swells
Into a Brook—and then along its Banks,
The weeping Poplar, and the baleful Yew
On either Side we'll plant—and thou—and I—
Will make our doleful Habitation there.

But

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 83

But first I'll lay me on this flow'ry Turf,
And rest a While—for I am wondrous faint.

[*She faints.*]

ARISTO.

Ah me, she sinks, I fear, no more to rise.

[*Kneels down by AMANTIA, and supports her.*]

AMANTIA!—O thou sweetest, fairest Flow'r
In all Love's Garden—ope those charming Eyes,
Which like the Beams of the bright Morning Star,
Where'er they shone, usher'd in cheerful Day?
Awake, bright Maid!—'Tis thy ARISTO calls—
Whose Soul so long has dwelt within thy Breast,
That without thee—he's but an empty Shade.
Alas! she hears not—Why am I, just Heav'n,
Mark'd out to bear the reddest Bolt of Vengeance?
Were e'er my Hands embu'd in guiltless Blood?
Did e'er my treach'rous Heart conceive a Thought
To rob my Neighbour of his Wealth or Fame?
When did the Wretch, consum'd with pinching Want,
Call down for Curses upon my Oppression?
If any heinous Crime pollutes my Soul,
My Punishment is just;—if not, look down
And with thy sacred Pity heal my Griefs.

[*A Shouting heard within.*]

What Shouts are these?—Curst be the Voice of Joy,
Let solid Darkness shroud the glorious Sun,
Such as long since devoted Egypt felt.
In the surrounding Air, from ev'ry Side,
Let dismal Groans, sad Shrieks, and fearful Cries,
With genuine Horrors, scare the guilty World;
Whilst I will lay me by thy Side, sweet Maid,
And never rise until I rise with thee. [Lies down.

Enter OLINDO, SOPHRONIA, ORCANO
and Christians.

OLINDO.

Where is my Sister?—where my dearest Friend,

G 2

To

84 OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA

To welcome me on my Return to Life ;
To happy Life, since blest with my SOPHRONIA.

ARISTO.

What do I see ? Can I believe my Eyes ?
OLINDO and SOPHRONIA both restor'd !
But I am past all Joy—AMANTIA's lost.

OLINDO.

Forbid it, gracious Heav'n !—O my AMANTIA—
My dear, dear Sister—let the well known Voice
Of thy OLINDO wake thee—wake thee to Joy—
To reap a Brother's Love—a Father's Blessing—
And all the Raptures of connubial Bliss.
By all my Hopes she breathes—she stirs—she lifts
Her precious Eye-lids up—all will be well.

AMANTIA.

Where am I wak'd ? Is not this Paradise ?
And are not these my Brother and SOPHRONIA ?
And this most venerable good old Man,
Some Angel whisper'd me he was my Father.
What Joys surround me ? My ARISTO too—
And all my very worthy Fellow Christians.
If 'tis a Dream, O may I never wake !

OLINDO.

No visionary Joys delude thy Sight,
But all is real which thine Eyes behold ;
And long may'st thou enjoy the mighty Blessings.
In that dread Moment when the blazing Brand
Was wav'd aloft to light the fatal Pile,
Heav'n sent a Rescue :—A bright Maid arriv'd,
Renown'd thro' *Asia* for heroic Deeds
Perform'd in martial Fields, with bold Intent
To aid the King with her victorious Arms.
Struck with so sad a Spectacle, her Eyes
Shed melting Pity o'er her lovely Cheeks,
When asking, in few Words, the Standers-by,
For what Offence we suffer'd, be'ng inform'd,

OLINDO *and* SOPHRONIA. 85

With gen'rous Speed she seiz'd th' uplifted Torch,
And turning with fierce Visage to the Guard,
Commanded them to stay the Execution,
Till from the King she could procure an Answer,
Or first to conquer her. Her daring Speech,
And still more daring Port, enforc'd Obedience.
Let this suffice—that by her Intercession
(The king relying greatly on her Aid)
Our Pardon was obtain'd ; which she required
To be the Meed of all her future Service :
And, by our venerable Father's Counsel,
The Christians have Commandment to retire
In twice twelve Hours without the City Walls ;
Where he will find out Means to join with us.

ORCANO.

Thus the dread Pow'r, who rules the Earth and Sky,
Bids Thunders roar, and dreadful Lightnings fly ;
With the same Word commands the Storm to cease,
And speaks the raging Elements to Peace.
Hence learn, ye Sons of Virtue, to engage
Unmov'd the Shafts of Fate, or Tyrant's Rage.
Boldly withstand, nor fear their vain Design ;
Tho' all the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell combine:
Beneath the Hand of Heav'n, those Pow'rs shall fall,
And Virtue rise triumphant over all.

End of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE.

*THE Witnesses are heard—the Trial's clos'd—
The Sentence in the Jury's Breast repos'd.*

*The cautious Culprit, with sagacious Leer,
Surveys his Judges Looks, 'twixt Hope and Fear :
Full of Apollo, he discerns the Part,
That each one singly ponders in his Heart.*

*The Man of Learning, whose unsated Mind
Ranged the World of Letters unconfin'd,
Revolves within his Breast the various Rules,
By Attic Sages taught in Grecian Schools :
Tosses the Ball, and thinks, (and shakes his Head)
How shou'd he follow Rules he never read ?*

*No modern Homer shall with daring Flight,
By Nature only reach Perfection's Height.*

*No such ambitious Hopes our Bard enflame,
He only seeks an humble Share of Fame.*

*The Beau, who like a Mercury appears,
Prepar'd for Flight, with Wings above his Ears :
With long lank Skirts and Cuffs, like those oft seen
On honest Roger of the Pale or Green,
(For thus capricious Fashion decks her Sons)
Half Fop, half Bumpkin, make compleat the Dunce.
This motly Critic in his Fancy swears ;
Egad, I thought they'd all have gone to Prayers.
Shou'd we applaud this dull religious Muse,
Boxes may soon be had as cheap as Pews.
The modish Belle, who gives a Law to Taste,
And boasts of every Title—but The chaste,*

Thinks

EPILOGUE.

*Thinks in her Heart, had she SOPHRONIA been,
She had not thought one Word about the Sin :
Howe'er, concludes such Plays can do no Hurt,
The fewer who pursue, the better Sport.*

*From such as these our Author asks no Bays,
Alike to him, if they condemn or praise.
But ye, whose Eyes with modest Lustre shine,
Of inward Virtues the apparent Sign,
To you he bows—nor will the God declare
The awful Judgment of the virtuous Pair.
'Tis your's, ye bright SOPHRONIA's of the Age,
To rescue Goodness from the Critic's Rage.
If you our pious Heroine's Choice approve,
Beaux shall OLINDOS turn to gain your Love ;
On Merit only shall bright Beauty smile,
And Piety restor'd adorn our Isle :
Then shall Success on British Arms attend,
And ev'ry Lover be his Country's Friend,*



LIBRARY

The following is a list of the books
which have been purchased for the
Library of the University of
Cambridge since the year 1800.
The names of the authors are
given in full, and the titles of
the books are given in full or
in part, as the case may be.
The names of the booksellers
are given in full, and the
prices are given in full or
in part, as the case may be.
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